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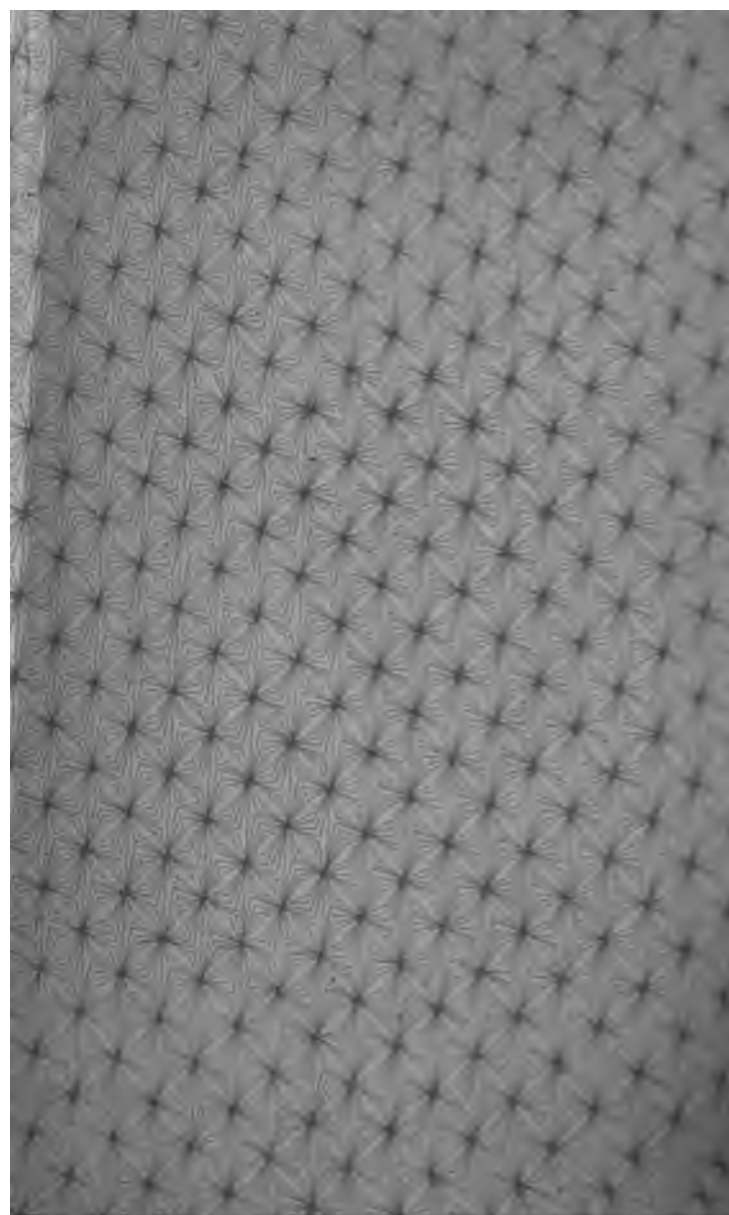
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A PICTURE OF

Swiss Pastoral Life in the Last Century.

BY

REV. W. LIETHE,

PASTOR OF THE PAROCHIAL CHURCH, BERLIN.

W. Zeller

*Translated from the German,*

BY CATHERINE E. HURST

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## TRANSLATOR'S NOTE.



**T**HE author of this little volume, Rev. W. Ziethe, is pastor of the Parochial Church, Berlin. He has written a *Life of Christ*, *Lives of the Apostles*, *Truth and Glory of Christianity*, and other valuable works.

Having read the present narrative with much interest and profit in the original, it seemed to me a free translation of it might be of value to young people in the United States. The reader will frequently meet with expressions, especially by Dr. Lavater, that do not appear in the best taste in these times; but it must be remembered that domestic life in Switzerland in the last century was much more simple and unostentatious than at present, and to have omitted such expressions would have marred what appeared to me a faithful picture of Swiss pastoral and religious life in the eighteenth century.



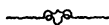
Before completing this translation it was my privilege to spend a short time in Zurich, Switzerland, and, while there, to visit the church in which Dr. Lavater had preached, and given utterance to those earnest appeals which had such a powerful effect upon the city, and, indeed, upon all Switzerland. I visited the parsonage where these devoted followers of Christ spent nearly their whole married life, and also had the pleasure of seeing several of their descendants, and conversing with them about their sainted ancestors. While standing at the grave of the great and good Dr. Lavater, I was pained not to find the remains of his beloved wife resting by his side. As the two had labored so faithfully together in life, it seemed wrong that their dust must be separated in death.

If this volume shall have the effect of leading others to cultivate the same virtues that mark the life of these individuals, the object of the translation will have been accomplished.

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAIN, GERMANY, }  
January 10, 1870. }



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## ANNA LAVATER.

### CHAPTER I.

#### *Childhood and Youth.*



ING SOLOMON, in the following passage from his Proverbs, bestows high praise upon a virtuous woman: "Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is far above rubies. The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, so that he shall have no need of spoil. She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life. She girdeth her loins with

strength, and strengtheneth her arms. Her candle goeth not out by night. She stretcheth out her hand to the poor; yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy. Strength and honor are her clothing; and she shall rejoice in time to come. She openeth her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindness. She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. Her children arise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her. Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all. Favor is deceitful, and beauty is vain; but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised. Give her of the fruit of her hands; and let her own works praise her in the gates." The Apostle Peter gives a holy admonition when he says: "Whose adorning, let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel; but let it be the hidden man of the heart, in

that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is, in the sight of God, of great price."

Though many books have been written on female education, and on the duties of woman, no one can draw a finer picture of a virtuous woman than Solomon has given in the above words. Neither can one give a better or more important admonition to young women than Peter has done in the above words from one of his Epistles. Both passages are a clear mirror in which good women can ever view themselves; their instruction is better than that of whole books, though the latter may abound in precept and admonition. It is refreshing to meet a female character which wears this precious ornament before God and the world; and it is also pleasant to look into the life of such a woman, which closes itself to the eyes of the world just as the leaves of the modest sensitive-plant fold up at the slightest touch. Our object is, therefore, to give

here a faithful and simple portrait of such a woman.

But the picture which we have to present is not that of a great female character, such as can often be found in history. In both her character and labors, she resembled that pleasant lake which flowed near her home, and which, though it does not equal the majesty of many of the surrounding lakes, which are inclosed by lofty Alpine peaks, yet excels them all by the attractiveness and loveliness of its unsurpassable banks. He who has once sailed over Lake Zurich, gliding swiftly through its green waves, will never be able to forget it. Its pleasant villages, farm-houses, and lovely villas surround its banks as a girdle of precious stones. The snow-clad mountain peaks look seriously and majestically down upon the varied life that one sees in constant motion upon the banks, and on the clear mirror of that peaceful lake, while the church-bells of the neighboring villages may be distinctly heard.

But peaceful as this picture is, not less so, in the adornment of faith, appears the life of that Zurich woman to the believing and thoughtful observer.

Anna Schinz was born in the city of Zurich, July 8, 1742, and was one of the youngest of a large family of children. Her father, who was a government officer, was removed for several years to the Canton of Thurgau. The eastern end of this portion of Switzerland borders on Lake Constance, and is generally level, or only interspersed by gentle hills. But it is a pleasant, fruitful country. Whole forests of fruit-trees ornament its villages, and remarkable old castles crown the hill-tops.

In this scene of her childhood little Anna learned to love nature. Here she first became enraptured with country life, a love which she retained until her death. Her mother was a very sensible and pious woman, who trained her children early in the fear and admonition of the Lord. By prayer, and the reading of



God's Word, she exerted a silent and holy influence upon their hearts. The Gospel of Christ was the sun in whose warm beams she placed the flowers intrusted to her care, in order that in this way they might grow, and blossom, and ripen for God's kingdom. Yet, with all her maternal love, she was wise in not laying too much stress on the little faults of her children—she substituted admonition for harsh punishment; but if she occasionally discovered the germ of some bad passion, she seized it with a strong hand, and again brought her child into the right path.

When little Anna was about ten years of age, she had a very dangerous playmate in the person of a frivolous girl who lived in the neighborhood. But the mother watched her daughter all the more carefully, and administered all necessary admonition, strictly forbidding her associating with the girl. Anna was generally very obedient to her mother, but one evening, when she saw her little

neighbor, she persuaded her to go with her to buy some confectionery. Returning home later than usual she betrayed, by her flushed face, a guilty conscience. Her mother instantly saw that she had broken her command. "My child," said she, in a tone that indicated earnest love, "I see that you have done something wrong." Then the disobedient daughter confessed her fault with many tears. Her mother wisely said but few words. "Anna," said she, "we will not talk together; come, let us pray." Then she led her to a room where they were alone with God, and there they prayed. This judicious method was followed by blessed results. Her daughter had a tender conscience through her whole life. As soon as she had done or said any thing wrong she had recourse to prayer, and even in her old age she remembered, with heart-felt gratitude, her faithful mother, and the wise and prudent measures employed by her in her early training.

About the same time Anna's mother discovered that she had a great inclination to play cards. Immediately after their meals the children had an hour for amusement, and little Anna took this opportunity to induce her younger brother to play with her at this fascinating game. One day the mother went into the room where they were, and surprised them in their clandestine practice. "Children," said she, "I know that you do not seek to win money in this play, but unconsciously you will cultivate an inclination which will result in bad consequences. You know this, for your conscience troubles you, and for this reason you secrete yourselves. Now, children, never do it again." And they never did.

As the faithful mother watched with earnest love over her children, and sought to exterminate the first germ of bad seed in their hearts, so did she understand how to watch, nourish, and cherish, by her own untiring example, the tender bud of Christian virtue. A female

laborer, who was well known to the family, had become old and disabled, so that she could no longer earn with her hands her daily bread, and often had to suffer extreme want. Now little Anna took great pleasure in visiting this old woman, and comforting her by many words and gifts. Indeed, sometimes when she had something nice to eat, she would do up a portion of it carefully, and take it to the poor invalid, and when she was allowed an hour for play in the evening she would leave the society of her sisters and brothers, and spend it with her aged friend. As she did not wish to go with an empty hand, when she had nothing more to give, she would take *her own evening meal*. She was heartily delighted when she saw how much enjoyment it gave the infirm woman. Anna's mother watched, with silent joy, her daughter's voluntary benevolence, but took great care, however, not to make any comment about the matter, and understood well how to nourish and quicken, in the right

time and the right way, this virtue in the heart of her daughter.

Thus little Anna grew lovely and happy under the care of her devoted mother. If any objection can be urged to her training, it is that she received no scientific culture—nothing beyond the mere knowledge which prepared her for future duties in the household. In her later life she felt and lamented this defect very much. It had less effect upon her, however, because, in her modesty, she never took part in conversation that surpassed her understanding and experience. But she regretted deeply her deprivation of much knowledge which would afterward have been very useful to her in her household and in her social relations. But, though she was devoid of a scientific education, she was possessed of an acute and clear understanding, and seldom failed in judging correctly men and things which came under her observation. Her heart, her spirit, was, therefore, cultivated

all the more thoroughly and beautifully, an acquirement in which she exhibited rare skill in her intercourse with the suffering and afflicted.

We have already seen the good effect her words of consolation and deeds of kindness had in her frequent visits to the poor laboring woman. In the same manner she visited an old blind woman who had become very melancholy from much sorrow and affliction. She went often to see her, and comforted her with friendly and consoling words. And these visits of this lovely child were as sunlight in the darkness of this poor blind woman's heart. Whenever she was very melancholy, her friends had only to promise her that her little friend should visit her, and with this expectation she became very happy, knowing that the child's words of consolation and comfort would not fail to cheer her. In this way was Anna the consoler of the sorrowful and helper of the poor. In the Winter

she would ascend the steep Schlossberg hill to bear a message of sympathy and condolence to the sick and suffering.

It will surprise the reader to hear that the girl who had the rare wisdom to comfort the weary and heavy laden knew what it was to suffer severe melancholy herself. In her early youth she often passed days and weeks in a disconsolate state. Her soul was often clouded in sore doubt. Her faith in God yielded beneath her feet, just as the waves of the Sea of Galilee beneath sinking Peter. During those periods of sorrow her mother knew how to direct her with a careful hand. With motherly dignity, she well knew how to counteract the attempts of a teacher who endeavored to drive away the child's melancholy by his laughter and witticism. Anna's mother knew that the allurements and pleasures of the world would dissipate this sadness for only a short time; they would be only as a pyrotechnical display, which, when gone,

would leave her mind more obscure than before. She directed her child, with true wisdom, to the reading of God's Word and to prayer, telling her that these would always be to her a rod and staff in the darkest vale, a lamp to her feet, and a light to her path. This had been the mother's own experience, and had qualified her to instruct others who were in the same condition, knowing it to be the only true source from which one could find permanent happiness.

Anna loved solitude, particularly when surrounded by the beauties of nature. In the Palace Garden she sought a quiet place under the shadow of some tree, beside which was a little waterfall, and which commanded a wide prospect. In this retired place she loved to sit and read her New Testament, meditate, and pray. Here she received new strength and comfort after melancholy hours. One day while there she had a pleasant surprise. A younger brother, who was specially endeared



to her, built her a little house, where she could sit when the weather was unpleasant. In this house was a little table that he made with his own hands, and upon it lay her Bible.

In her later years the memory of this spot gave her the greatest pleasure. Once, when old, with gray hair and near her grave, a lady friend brought her a little flower that she had plucked in this spot that she had loved so much in her childhood. The little flower and the delightful memory brought tears to her eyes.

God did not leave her without strength and support in her darkest hours. As one time, in the bitterness of her grief, she cast herself upon her knees and prayed that the merciful God would grant her but one ray of light, and show forth his power and grace in her heart, suddenly she was pervaded by a deep peace, and by a joyous confidence in Divine grace. She felt that her prayer was heard. Her experience in that dark hour was pleasant

to her in her whole subsequent life. Even the little room which had become a Bethel to her by her prayers and her experience of divine grace ever remained a dear and consecrated spot.

Of the slight reminiscences of the history of her childhood, which have been given us by her son-in-law, there is a sad event to be noticed. One of her brothers, who was studying in Zurich, was very ill. On account of the distance from his parents, his friends in Zurich had not written of his critical situation, for they indulged in the vain hope of his recovery. His parents, sisters, and brothers were in the country at the time, and wrote for him to come to them. As the carriage rolled over the court they all hastened down to meet him, but how startled they were, as he was taken from the carriage, to see his pale, consumptive face, which told but too truly that his recovery could not be expected! He died, soon afterward, in his own home,

where he had every care bestowed upon him. Of all the children, Anna was the most affected by his death. Very soon after this event she was taken very ill, and fell into a trance, and was thought to be dead. It was some time after this before she aroused, when she again became a joy to her parents and friends.

Thus Anna Schinz grew up to womanhood, amid joys and sorrows. She became skillful in every kind of work becoming a lady in the times in which she lived. She knew how to manage the affairs of a household with great discretion. She was gentle, modest, yielding, sensible, and, above all, prayerful and pious. This was the training she received, and the precious ornament that adorned her heart. It was at this period in her life that she returned with her parents to Zurich.



## CHAPTER II.

### *Engagement and Marriage.*



WE will now give a short history of the man who was to be associated with Anna Schinz through life.

John Caspar Lavater was born in Zurich, Switzerland, November 15, 1741. His father was a highly respected physician, and also a member of the Government, and was regarded by all who knew him as a model of honor and unwearied industry. His son attended the Latin school in his native town, and afterward the college, in which such men as Bodmer and Breitinger taught. He chose the clerical profession, and entered the theological class in 1759, and in 1761 preached his trial sermon. In the Spring of 1762 he completed his stud-

ies, and was received into the ministry. He thus describes, in a letter to one of his friends, his feelings and resolutions upon entering the sacred office:

“I will humble myself before my Creator and Redeemer, and I sincerely resolve to strive after perfection, never to stand still and grow weary, to honor God in all things, and never to be a servant of men, or strive to carry out my own purposes. I shall specially strive after the grace of God, and order all my actions according to Paul’s difficult rule, ‘For whatsoever is not of faith is sin.’”

The young man, to enlarge his acquaintance with the world, commenced a journey to Germany on the 8th of March, 1763, in company with his friend Felix Hess. Their destination was the city of Barth, Pomerania, whither Provost Spalding, whom they had learned to love through his writings, attracted them. The two friends remained there about eight months, and then returned

by a circuitous journey to Zurich, which they reached on the 26th of March, 1764. A few days after Mr. Lavater returned, Henry Hess, a brother of Felix Hess, was married. Mr. Lavater, because of his intimate acquaintance with his friend and young wife, could not fail to estimate the pleasure and value of the Christian conjugal relation. He himself looked forward with pleasing anticipation to the same state. A letter which he had written from Barth to his friend Henry Hess reveals his views, at this time, on matrimony and his future wife. He thus speaks in the letter referred to:

“I do not hesitate to think abstractly on the character of the person to be united with me for a great object, otherwise I should ever be compelled to fear being taken by surprise. I have no particular individual in mind, but I can not admit of a prejudicial quality or requirement. I will tell you some of the characteristics which I would desire my future

wife to possess. Above all, she must try to please my parents, as I must hers; the circumstances and age of our respective families must be similar. But of the most importance is her moral character, which must have no suspicion of any thing that is frivolous or unbecoming. She must have a good heart, be mild, quiet, and modest. She must be so far removed from vanity and ostentation as not to transcend the bounds of propriety and decorum. She must also fear God and be virtuous.

“She need not be beautiful, if she is only pleasant, healthful, neat, and gentle. I could by no means endure the spirit of an Amazon; neither must my wife be trifling or too condescending. She must understand well domestic management. It is not necessary for her to be learned; a pedant I detest. But a taste for good moral books is indispensable. I will be satisfied with a moderately sound intellect. If she have the above

qualifications I shall be content, but the more of them the better.

“She must be teachable, compliant, and determined to assist, and not hinder me in the arduous performance of my official duties. If I should have a country parish, in an unpleasant locality, and with but a moderate income, she must adapt herself to it. She must show respect to my parents, and be charitable toward their weaknesses. She must not make herself odious to my brothers and sisters, nor must she interfere with my acquaintance with my friends, however poor or despised they be. Her companions and friends must be of good character. She must not read corrupting romances, but must have good ideas of education. She must never shrink from any domestic duty. Her love toward me must not be established on sensuous inclination, nor on vanity; she must love me, first of all, with a desire to unite with me in being virtuous; she must aid me in my labors in visiting




the sick. I insist upon all these conditions, which I give without regard to order, and, if she have these qualities, she has a right to expect of me love, tenderness, fidelity, and magnanimity."

During Mr. Lavater's journey through Germany, his mother was seeking a suitable helpmeet for him, although she knew that in this important step it was best not to be too hasty. Hence she thus writes to him at Barth: "It is better to defer selecting a wife until you return home." Mr. Lavater was satisfied with her proposition, and wrote this to his friend: "It will truly give me pleasure to do what my mother wishes. I will not force matters. To wait and yield are two different things. Hitherto Providence could not have more happily led me. I still trust in his hand, which has ever guided me, and it is not from pride that I expect from my future wife only what is moderate. I ask only for those qualities which have a good influence upon my virtues, and

which will guide me in my duties, and prepare me for them."

He wrote, also, from Barth, to his friend, Henry Hess: "The married life of him who dares not be a Christian, must certainly be a poor miserable patchwork of fleeting happiness. No, this name is too holy—an alternation between pleasure and disgust. I would rather die now than choose a wife without religion."

On another occasion he wrote to the same friend: "How fearful I should be if, at the time of my marriage, I should be unable to rely on Providence, and take as my ground of comfort the wedding text of my parents! I ask not for beauty, riches, or learning, but judgment, and a noble, tender, disinterested, humble, obliging Christian heart—one that is ever ready for any religious sacrifice. God be praised, that, with all the instability of my sanguine temperament, I am conscious that the strength of my soul will not be overcome



by any blind passion, or that I will ever lose sight of one of these moral excellences, or manifest a disposition not to possess them. Any slight regard to sense in me would impede my usefulness in my future calling. I shall be very careful in selecting a wife, and if my selection prove unfortunate, I shall still have the satisfaction that I have been guided by reason, and not by my passion; by my conscience, and not by my flesh—and, therefore, that I have been directed by Providence."

All of these expressions show what Mr. Lavater expected from his future wife. His intimate friend, Henry Hess, proved the instrument, in the hand of God, of leading him to her. Anna Schinz was the intimate friend of both Henry Hess and his young wife, and they knew she answered Mr. Lavater's demands. In answer to his letters they could say, "We have found the one you have pictured." They therefore resolved to make the hearts, which were so dear to them, acquainted

with each other, and, if it were God's will, to effect a union between them.

Mr. Lavater and Anna Schinz met for the first time at the house of their friend Henry Hess, and were pleased with each other. Several meetings followed, which proved important and decisive to Anna's whole future life. Mr. Lavater calmly and feelingly confessed to his friend the impression made upon him by the young lady. He soon perceived that she fully corresponded to his required qualifications of a future companion in life, and committed the matter to the Lord, by whose hand he wished to be led.

On the 6th of May, 1766, a beautiful Spring evening, in the open air, they declared their mutual attachment, and formed the covenant which was to unite them for life. Mr. Lavater had already obtained the approbation of his parents, but it was thought proper to defer the formal day of betrothal until his father's birthday, that they might have more time for

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consideration. It was a short but beautiful betrothal that they enjoyed. On the 7th of May Mr. Lavater wrote to Anna :

“I can not express the sentiments which have taken possession of my heart. I tremble at the happiness I have in thinking of you as mine. Yes, from the hand of God I have received you! My heart is overwhelmed, and my eyes fill with tears of joy when I think that we are to be united for life. O, God, how sensible I am of thy goodness! Thou hast more than answered my prayer. I raise my hands and eyes to thee, who dwellest in heaven, and exclaim, How good thou art! O, my God, how good thou art! How can I thank thee!

“The more I look upon the past and the future, and the more I think of myself, the Church, our country, our families, and our friends, the more does my heart throb with gratitude, and the more must I adore and praise the providence of God which has

brought our lives together. I wear upon my finger the ring that you used to wear. The ring is not only the seal of our eternal friendship, but of the inseparable communion of exalted virtue. Yes, our friendship was fervent and ecstatic on our first acquaintance simply because our hearts knew no better friend than virtue, and because it was our purpose to live for the same object and according to the same principles. Yes, it shall be our object to do much good together. Our friendship shall bring as much good and pleasure to others as possible! How many times will I raise my hand with yours to God, and how many times will we open our hands together for the aid of the poor around us, and dry the tears from the burning cheeks of sorrow? You shall not only share my heart and society, but my conduct; you will encourage me to do what is good, and strengthen me for doing what I otherwise would accomplish with reluctance."

On the 8th of May, 1766, which was **Ascension Day**, he wrote early in the morning to his affianced: "O, beautiful, blessed day! How gladly the birds are singing! And as the sun is rising in the cheerful blue heavens, so are you rising, dearest of all, as a bright light in my heart. O, this is a beautiful day for all Christians! We are Christians, and we have a Heavenly Friend who loves us, and whose love surpasses all knowledge, and who now looks graciously upon us and blesses our hearts. How this Heavenly Friend loves us! How happy he will make us; what blessings he will crown us with! Truly he is now making his plans to prepare a place for us; yes, a glorious place for you and me, where he will take us, and where we may be with him, and see and enjoy all the glory that his Father has given him. Let us often look up, as with one eye, to this certain, near, incomprehensible, and infinite joy. With united fervor we will embrace our Lord, and spiritually com-

mune, in adoring confidence, with him, as the most worthy friend of our souls. By doing this, how unspeakably blessed shall we henceforth be!"

These letters contain the utterances of a true man's heart, some of which, after the lapse of a hundred years, may excite some surprise, and an occasional smile. What tender love, and, at the same time, heart-felt and sincere piety, can be plainly seen in them! They also exhibit the character of the person to whom they were addressed. Truly, the union between Mr. Lavater and Anna was formed by the Lord. Happy the man who could write such letters, and happy she to whom they were addressed!

Mr. Lavater was delighted to see that Anna loved his aged parents, and showed them much respect. He expressed this pleasure to her once in the following words: "O, what a blessing will you be to me; how kindly do you regard my dear parents! Let such feel-



ings sink deeper into your heart, and then I shall be strengthened by them !”

During the betrothal, Mr. Lavater found it necessary to be absent for a short time to attend the Convention of the Helvetic Association, at Schinznach. During his absence a number of letters were exchanged between Anna and himself, in all of which we trace the same firm reliance on God’s guidance and blessing, which had thus far, and ever afterward, characterized their life. This separation called forth a longing for their indissoluble union. Mr. Lavater was not a man who would desire, in such a matter as this, a long delay ; but, as yet, he had no pastoral position, nor means for support, and it was only through the kindness of his parents that this latter obstacle was afterward removed. They offered the young couple a home in their house. This arrangement was very pleasing to the young bride, who, by her meekness and love, hoped to endear herself to her husband’s parents.

The marriage took place on the 3d of June, 1766, nearly a month after the betrothal.

About five miles from Zurich is a beautiful little village called Greifensee, situated on the lake of the same name. In this place a sister of Anna, who was the wife of the village pastor, lived. The brother-in-law invited Mr. Lavater and Anna to visit them, and be married in his church. The invitation was accepted, and on the evening of June 2d, they reached the quiet home of their friends.

Let us look, for a moment, into the journal of Mr. Lavater, and read what he wrote on the morning of his marriage:

“PARSONAGE, GREIFENSEE, *June 3, 1766.*

“I awoke this morning in a very peaceful and happy state of mind; the rising sun beamed sweetly upon me, yea, into my very soul. I hummed that hymn of Gellert,

‘Let my first thoughts be praise and thanks,’

with altogether new emotions. I wrote the following short prayer for Anna and myself,

which we wish to pray together in future: 'Merciful Father in heaven, Father in secret, Author of our union, Benefactor of all who fear thee! behold, we begin our new state of life in thy name. We thank thee, we praise thy goodness, we fall on our faces and pour out thanksgivings unto thee. Thou lovest us, and we feel thy goodness, O, thou best of all! Let us ever, beneficent Father, keep before our eyes thy guiding grace and wise purposes! Be thou ever present to our hearts! We rejoice together in thee; we will serve thee with united hearts and efforts, and with all sincerity and unconquerable fidelity! Allow nothing to entice us from thee, but keep our hearts together in thy love! Be thou our highest good! May thy Word be our food, and virtue our joy! Keep us from all description of sin. Lord, let us ever be watchful over ourselves, over our passions, and industrious in our devotions; fervent in prayer, upright, frank, true and tender toward each other in thy fear!

Thou omnipresent, infinite lover of mankind, reward us with answers to our prayers! Let us not for one moment cease to think of this petition, but may our lives be entirely holy and consecrated to thee! O, how sweet it is to call thee our Father! We will be thy children until the end of our days, and thou wilt be our God and guide until death!

"After breakfast I wrote out in full the above prayer, and then walked down to the lake with Anna. After returning, we prepared for church, both praying before leaving."

Thus these children of the Lord went in the spirit of prayer to the little village church. The marriage sermon was preached by their brother-in-law from Matthew v, 16: "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven." After this their holy union was consecrated. The marriage day closed without any excitement, but a still, quiet joy prevailed.



### CHAPTER III.

#### *At the Parental Home.*

**T**HE first year of the married life of this young lady was attended with some embarrassment, as she was obliged to live in the same house with her parents-in-law, and under the immediate eye of her mother-in-law. Her father-in-law was, as Mr. Lavater had represented, strictly upright; he had a sound understanding, but was not particularly literary or acute. He was a model of unwearied industry, faithful in his profession, an excellent head of a family, and very regular and systematic in every thing he undertook. He was one of the most discreet, reliable, and obliging men imaginable. He was a devoted husband and tender father,

whose greatest pleasure was his calling, his family, and his Bible. Of the mother, the son has expressed himself in the following words:

"She had a sound judgment, an extraordinary imagination, and an insatiable desire for knowledge that extended even to most minute matters. She took more interest in large and comprehensive subjects than in those of less scope. She had a systematic and executive mind, with a heart so candid and conscientious that it was incapable of falsehood, hypocrisy, or flattery. It was a heart of unfathomable depths, where but one infirmity was concealed—vanity; yet it was not that common vanity which generally degenerates to coquetry. She was the very soul of candor, and had a very high respect for every thing that was noble, grand, and intellectual. She wished to be regarded capable of filling her position as a physician's wife, but not as a learned woman, for this she was not, and had no desire to be considered as such.

"She had, indeed, but few equals in her chosen sphere. She was a rare mother, a faithful wife, and for a time indispensable to her husband in his profession. From morning until night she sat by the table and prepared his prescriptions. She was thoroughly skilled in housekeeping, and exerted herself in every way to carry out her domestic plans. She was strictly economical, bordering on penuriousness, in her household arrangements, but very lavish in her charities."

From these words we can well understand the secret of her influence in her household. Her husband, knowing the superiority of her judgment, willingly left every thing to her care; and also of her son, whom she loved so much, and of whom she was so proud, she expected the same deference. Whenever he did any thing without first consulting her, her curiosity, and sometimes suspicion, were greatly excited. This often made her ill-humored and anxious, and even sorrowful. It was natural,

with this disposition, that the step-mother would not, at first, allow her daughter every place in the management of the household. We may even imagine that she watched over her son with a jealous eye, not wishing him to give to his wife the affection which was due to her.

Mr. Lavater's parents observed the custom of beginning and closing the day with family worship. On New-Year's eve their custom was, after supper, for the parents to remain sitting at the table, and the children to arrange themselves in a circle at the end of the room. It was the part of the eldest child—John Caspar—to make an address to the parents, in which the names of all the children were mentioned, acknowledging the goodness of God in preserving their lives and health through the past year, and imploring his forgiveness, as well as that of their parents, for all that they had done amiss, promising to do better in the year upon which they were entering.

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These ordeals were by no means an easy task for the young wife to pass through; besides, her husband was obliged daily and hourly to submit himself to the government of his mother. These were the first trials of the young wife, and she bore them with that meekness which flows from a gentle and loving heart. As an evidence of her obedience and child-like love, she always, in all things, approached her mother-in-law with tenderness and modesty, which soon made the latter love her as her own child, and to abandon the authority which she had hitherto exercised over her, and which she still, strangely enough, exercised over her husband and son.

The aged father bestowed on her his warmest affection, and she was soon the joy and delight of his heart. By this means it came to pass that instead of remaining one year with their parents, as they at first intended, they remained eight. It was a source of great pleasure to Mr. Lavater to know that

his wife had so won the affections of his parents.

Only one circumstance occurred to mar their early married life, and this was Mr. Lavater's poor health. He was troubled with a severe cough and pain in different parts of his body, and was much of the time in a very melancholy state of mind. His father would say to him, when he heard him cough, "John Caspar, you have trouble." The young and tender wife watched, with unwearied solicitude, over the health of her husband, and with heart-felt tenderness and love strove to relieve him of his pain and sorrow.

In the year 1767 Mr. Lavater and his wife were made happy by the birth of a daughter, who was baptized "Regula." Unfortunately, however, the joy of the parents and grandparents was of short duration, for the little one died at the age of two and a half years. In the year 1768 a son was born, who was named Henry, and who afterward became a

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physician. Another daughter was born in 1769, and received the name of the deceased one, Regula; but she died before reaching the age of one year.

Mr. Lavater and his wife were thus compelled, very early, to share with each other their twofold bereavement. But God doeth all things well, and, by means of this affliction, their hearts were more closely drawn to him, and they wished to continue patiently in the way which leads to future glory, and is without sorrow.

In April of the same year, 1769, Mr. Lavater was elected Deacon of the Orphan House Church, in Zurich, which event was to him a source of great pleasure, for he was ardently desirous of some such position in order to support himself and family, and he therefore accepted it with gratitude to God. The position, however, was not without its difficulties. Besides his duties as Deacon of the Orphan House Church, he had the orphan children

to instruct, and to minister to the spiritual welfare of the convicts in the penitentiary. He looked upon the duties imposed upon him with a certain degree of misgiving, and prayed that his solicitude might be removed.

Even in the first years of Mr. Lavater's ministerial duties his labors were very arduous. In the years 1770 and 1771, as is well known, a great famine prevailed in Switzerland, in which there was extraordinary suffering. Crowds of hungry and emaciated people could be seen passing through the streets and byways and surrounding the houses of the wealthy. Mr. Lavater, in his sermons, exhorted the people to be charitable to the poor; and he practiced what he preached. The house of his parents was filled from morning until evening with the hungry and helpless. Large sums of money were given to him by his friends for distribution; with a part of it he purchased bread, flour, and rice, and then sent a portion to the country clergymen to distribute. The remain-

ing part was given for distribution to others of his brethren in the ministry living in Zurich.

Mr. Lavater's house during this time was like an alms-house. All his own money, after providing for his own family, as well as the money he received from writing, was also given to the poor; he sought out the most destitute and brought them to his wife, and she gave them food and clothing. She always had a kettle of warm soup on the fire, so as to be ever in readiness for those who sought food; and in this way she relieved her husband very much in his untiring labors.

One day Mr. Lavater's door-bell rang, and Mrs. Lavater saw from the window a poor man who could scarcely stand from hunger. She hastened toward him, and found that he had already fallen to the ground. She helped him upon a chair, and brought him some warm soup, of which he was able to eat but a few spoonfuls. She hastened to bring him a glass of strong wine, which she thought would re-

vive him, but all that she did was of no effect, for he died immediately in the street, while she was administering to his wants. On another day, Mr. and Mrs. Lavater having started for a walk, had gone but a short distance before they found a poor woman sitting upon the ground trying to quiet her young babe; they went to her and asked if she was in distress. The poor woman answered, with tears in her eyes, that she had but one request to make, and that was that God would soon relieve herself and child from hunger by death; she said she had nothing to eat, and therefore could give her child no nourishment. The walk of Mr. and Mrs. Lavater was at an end; they returned home, taking the poor woman and child with them, and after giving them food had the poor woman's name written upon the poor list, by means of which she could draw money weekly from the charity fund.

It was natural that these two hearts, which were so happily joined in prosperity, would be

still more closely united in adversity ; yet there was one wish that ever occupied the thoughts of the young wife, and this was that she might have a house over which she might be the sole superintendent. But she knew that her husband's parents were becoming more and more feeble, and that her assistance was very necessary. The unpleasantness of her position, however, was very much relieved by the tender affection which the aged parents bestowed upon her. The almost idolatrous love which her husband ever felt toward her will be seen in the following letter, which he wrote to her while traveling in the Summer of 1771, five years after their marriage :

“Yes, dearest soul, may Jesus Christ strengthen you, and enable you to feel always more and more of his unspeakable love! How it delights me to hold you up in my prayers! My greatest desire, and the prayer of my heart, is that we may be much more holy and serve God more devotedly. I am

sensible that our days are fleeing rapidly, yet I can not think of death without deep fear O, if the love of Christ were more alive in my heart, I would have much less fear !”

In December of the same year, 1771, Mr. Lavater and his wife were again made happy by the birth of a daughter, whom they named “Netta,” from the wife of Mr. Lavater’s friend, George Gessner. This joy, however, was changed into sorrow on account of the extreme illness of Mr. Lavater’s mother. She became weaker and weaker, and finally her life closed after severe suffering.

The spirit of this true mother took its flight on the 16th of January during a prayer of her son, and cheered by the consoling promises of God. The aged father wept like a child, but Mr. Lavater and his wife looked upon the sad scene with great composure, and resolved at this death-bed that they would every moment, and during every transaction in life, have death in view. They treasured the memory of this



devoted mother, and often spoke of her instructive and admonishing words. In the same year a little son was born, who took the name of his father, "John Caspar," but the child died the following year.

After the death of Mr. Lavater's mother, his young wife became entirely self-dependent. From all that we have already learned of her character, we can not doubt that she willingly took the entire charge of the household for her father-in-law, her husband, and her children.

We will mention but one remarkable occurrence that took place in that year, and which proves, at least, how fully Mr. Lavater and his wife, even when they were widely separated from each other, were united to each other by the bond of devoted Christian love. During the month of August Mr. Lavater visited his friend Dr. Holtze, who lived in the charming town of Richterswyl, on Lake Zurich. Shortly after his arrival he wrote to his wife that he

was enjoying perfect health. On the following day, however, when Mrs. Lavater was sitting alone in her husband's room, she suddenly became so overpowered by anxiety that she could scarcely move. Recovering herself she went to her father-in-law and told him of her state of mind.

The affectionate father consoled her with friendly and cheering words, urging her that, since she had good news from her husband only the day before, she must attach no importance to her gloomy feelings. As long as her venerable father was urging her to cast aside her fears she felt somewhat cheerful, but when she returned to Mr. Lavater's room again the same anxiety took possession of her mind, and she fell upon her knees, weeping and praying.

At this very hour Mr. Lavater's life was in a very perilous situation. He had left Richterswyl, and was on his way to visit a friend who lived on the other side of Lake Zurich,

at Oberried. When he went into the little boat which was to convey him to the place the wind and water were very calm. Gradually a fresh wind arose, which impelled the boat very rapidly, and just as they reached the most dangerous point of the lake the wind increased to a storm. The storm grew to a hurricane, and the waves rolled higher and higher, every moment threatening to overturn the boat. The boatmen, who had had much experience, and were generally fearless, exclaimed, with despairing voices, "We shall go down! Down with the sails! Hold, for God's sake! Back with the sail! Away! Away! She strikes! We are lost! We are gone!"

The mast of the little boat was entirely shattered by the storm. The boatmen then exclaimed, "We can do nothing more!" Mr. Lavater was upon his knees praying, thinking of death, of his wife and children. From his innermost soul he prayed God to have com-

passion on him and his associates in danger, and deliver them from this fearful storm. At the same hour his wife was in his room at home, wrestling and praying for his deliverance. God heard and answered their prayer. One can imagine Mrs. Lavater's feelings on meeting her husband after the fearful presentiment she had of his death, and the tears of joy she shed at having him once more restored to her and the children. She united with him, from the depths of her soul, in praising God for so wonderfully delivering him. So was the grief of an hour, through the mercy of God, turned into thankfulness and joy.

But it was soon followed by another period of sorrow. The youngest son, who was born in 1773, was always sickly, and continued to grow weaker and weaker. In addition to this came the sickness and death of Mr. Lavater's father. The good old man was a long time recovering from the severe grief occasioned

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by the death of his wife. In his professional visits he had often spoken words of consolation, and many times had said to his beloved daughter-in-law, "Now, my dear daughter, let us be happy together!" And this devoted woman did make the close of his life as sweet and pleasant as it was in her power.

One day the aged father, on returning home from making a visit, placed his gold-headed cane in the corner of the room, with these significant words, "Remain here, you have done me good service." He had, without doubt, some presentiment of his approaching death. He never had occasion to use his cane again, for an attack of apoplexy placed him upon his death-bed. Mr. Lavater's wife, during this time, was obliged to divide her love and care between her little sick son and her father-in-law. Her unwearied faithfulness and nursing were very consoling to the aged father. He died on the 4th of May, 1774, surrounded by his weeping children, and, on

the following Sabbath, was conveyed to his last resting-place.

With the death of the father-in-law the united household with which the young couple commenced closed. The first eight years of their married life lay in the past, and these had been years of happiness, blessed with pure and fervent love. But during this space of time much affliction had also been passed through. Four loved ones had been carried from this home to the cemetery, but the cross had been borne with patience and in the fear of the Lord. Mr. and Mrs. Lavater had committed their ways to Him who always leads his children safely, though sometimes very mysteriously. We follow them as they enter the parsonage of the Orphan House Church, where they intend to establish and conduct their own household in the fear of the Lord.



## CHAPTER IV.

### *The Parsonage.*



IT is a delightful feeling to have a house of your own, and sit at your own fireside. It is also no trifling thing to have a peaceful home. The old adage holds good, "Home is home, be it ever so homely." Though in every little house we find a little cross, this home, though but one room, will always be cherished by us; and you will feel this more and more sensibly when you have been for years under a stranger's roof, and eaten from a stranger's table. Yes, it is a stranger's table, even though it be the home of your parents-in-law.

Mr. Lavater and his wife were now happily situated in their own house, there to enjoy

quietly their domestic relations. But sorrows accompanied them even here. Mr. Lavater's health was at this time in a very precarious condition, he being troubled with hemorrhage of the lungs, which gave his wife much solicitude lest it might terminate in consumption. They took the advice of the best physicians, and Mr. Lavater consented to go to the watering-place of Ems, in the Duchy of Nassau. On the 12th of June, 1774, he took leave of his beloved family, hoping that his health would be restored. It was no easy task for him at this time to leave his wife, and especially his youngest child, whose health was still in a very critical state. Yet the separation must take place. Mr. Lavater, upon his journey, passed through Basle, Colmar, Strasburg, Carlsruhe, and Frankfort-on-the-Main, arriving safely at Ems on the 29th of June.

On his journey he made many pleasant acquaintances, such as Pfeffel, Lenz, Goethe, and the pious Miss Von Klettenberg. They



gave him many prescriptions, and interested themselves much in the restoration of his health, all of which was very cheering to him.

Miss Von Klettenberg is the Christian lady who made such a deep impression on Goethe, and who was in his mind when writing his "Confession of a Beautiful Soul." Any one who is not acquainted with her will learn to love her from the following beautiful confession which she wrote:

"Rather were poor than, without Jesus, rich in imperial  
splendor;  
Rather were rich than, for a gay life-time, the Savior sur-  
render.  
Yea, much rather ne'er were born than from this trusty  
Friend divided;  
A world, with him lost, is won when we're with him safely  
united."

Goethe gives the following description of her in his "*Aus meinem Leben*:" "She was slenderly formed, of medium size. A hearty natural demeanor had been made still more pleasing by the manners of the world and

the court. Her very neat attire reminded one of the dress of the Moravian ladies. Her serenity and peace of mind never left her. She looked upon her sickness as a necessary element of her transient earthly existence; she suffered with the greatest patience, and, in painless intervals, was lively and talkative. Her favorite, nay, indeed, perhaps her only conversation, was on the moral experiences which a man who observes himself can form in himself, to which was added the religious views which, in a very graceful manner, nay, with genius, came under her consideration as the natural and supernatural. It scarcely needs more than this to recall to the friends of such representations that complete delineation, composed from the very depths of her soul. Owing to the very peculiar course which she had taken from youth upward, the distinguished rank in which she had been born and educated, and the liveliness and originality of her mind, she did not

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agree very well with the other ladies who had set out on the same road to salvation. Frau Griesbach, the chief of them, seemed too severe, too dry, too learned; she knew, thought, comprehended more than the others, who contented themselves with the development of their feelings, and she was, therefore, burdensome to them, because every one neither could nor would carry with her so great an apparatus on the road to bliss.


“But for this reason the most of them were, indeed, somewhat monotonous, since they confined themselves to a certain terminology, which might well have been compared to that of the later sentimentalists. Miss Von Klettenberg led her way between both extremes, and seemed, with some self-complacency, to see her own reflection in the image of Count Zinzendorf, whose opinions and actions bore witness to a higher birth and more distinguished rank. Now, she found in me what she needed, a lively

young creature, striving after an unknown happiness, who, although he could not think himself an extraordinary sinner, yet found himself in no comfortable condition, and was perfectly healthy neither in body nor soul. She was delighted with what nature had given me, as well as with much which I had gained for myself. And if she conceded to me many advantages, this was by no means humiliating to her; for, in the first place, she never thought of emulating one of the male sex; and, secondly, she believed that, in regard to religious culture, she was very much in advance of me. My disquiet, my impatience, my striving, my seeking, investigating, musing, and wavering she interpreted in her own way, and did not conceal from me her conviction, but assured me, in plain terms, that all this proceeded from my having no reconciled God.

“Now, I had believed, from my youth upward, that I stood on very good terms with

my God—nay, I even fancied to myself, according to various experiences, that he might even be in arrears to me, and I was daring enough to think that I had something to forgive him. This presumption was grounded on my infinite good-will, to which, as it seemed to me, he should have given better assistance. It may be imagined how often my female friend and I fell into disputes on this subject, which, however, always terminated in the friendliest way, and often, like my conversations with the old rector, with the remark that ‘I was a foolish fellow, for whom many allowances must be made.’”

Mr. Lavater's pleasure, however, was much imbittered on receiving a sad letter from home that his little son's health was much worse. He received this intelligence while at Frankfort-on-the-Main. After arriving at Ems another letter awaited him, stating that his child was no better. How willingly would Mr. Lavater at this time have returned imme-



diately home to assist and comfort his wife in this affliction! But this he could not do. He suffered much from homesickness, and longed to be with his loved ones around the domestic circle. This suspense was sorrowfully relieved when, on the 6th of July, one week after his arrival at Ems, he received the intelligence of the death of his little son. The grief of the father's heart was doubled on account of the distance from his home, and that in these days of sorrow he could not be with his wife and give her words of consolation. But he felt that it was his duty to remain where he was, and, for the sake of his wife and remaining children, to finish the prescribed time of his stay at the springs. On the 8th of July he wrote home, with a happy heart, that this was his last day at Ems. "Yes," he said, "it is like a dream that I am so far away, and am so soon to have the unspeakable joy of being with you all again. I no longer think of you with

homesick feelings, but with the greatest delight, and can scarcely realize that I am so soon to be with you again."

On his journey home, after leaving Ems, Mr. Lavater made a four weeks' circuitous tour, in order that his health might be still more improved, and that he might accept some of the invitations of his friends who resided in Hamburg, Darmstadt, Carlsruhe, and Stuttgart. The nearer he approached his home, the greater was his joy at the prospect of again seeing his beloved ones. He and his wife had arranged to meet at Schaffhausen, and return home together. Finally, on reaching the place, he hastened to the house of his friend, where he was to meet his wife. She had just gone out for a short time, and Mr. Lavater describes his experience in his journal thus: "It delighted me to see even an article of her clothing; and how eagerly, and with fearful joy, I watched for every coming footstep! How I

thanked God when I again clasped her to my heart!" We soon hastened to our much-loved home.

During Mr. Lavater's absence Mrs. Lavater had taken the whole charge of her household duties and the care of her children. She had sat by the bedside of her little sick son, and stood at his little grave alone. But from this affliction she received new spiritual strength. She was by no means a strong woman physically. She had a frail constitution, which became more and more impaired every year. This was, of itself, a great affliction. At this time (1775) a little son was born, whom they called David, but who died the following year. This was a new stroke for this mother's heart, but she knew from what source she could derive strength, consolation, and joy.

In the year 1775 Mr. Lavater was elevated from the deaconry to the pastorate, yet without materially changing his field of labor. In 1778 he was elected second pastor of the St.



Peter's Church in Zurich. This was a much better position for him, and his official duties were greatly increased. The new parish numbered more than five thousand souls, the larger part of whom lived in the country. At first he trembled at the increased responsibility of the office committed to him. But he was decided in this instance, as under all circumstances, to obey with cheerfulness the call of God.

He preached his inaugural sermon on the 5th of July, 1778, from 1 Thessalonians v, 25: "Brethren, pray for us." In compliance with his desire, the elders of his new parish gladly assumed the responsibility of purchasing and arranging for him a more comfortable and commodious dwelling. The family moved into the new parsonage with joyful anticipations. But affliction and anxiety followed them there too. After the lapse of a year a little daughter, named Magdalena, was taken from them by death. In addition to this, in the year

1779, a very painful event occurred, which almost overcame them.

Mr. Lavater found it necessary, on account of his extensive correspondence—for he preserved a copy of all the letters he wrote—and on account of his literary labors, to secure the service of a secretary. The young man whom he now took into his employ in this capacity, and who lived in the house with his family, would often remark, in a seemingly thoughtless manner, that he intended to commit suicide. Mr. Lavater did not consider serious admonitions at such a time proper, and therefore spoke in an affectionate manner to him, hoping in this way to win his confidence.

As Mr. Lavater had become much fatigued from overwork, and as he had taken no rest since entering upon his new field of labor, he resolved to spend Passion-week and the Easter holidays with a friend in the country, an hour's walk from Zurich. He therefore gave

his secretary directions in regard to his work in his absence, and left home. For a number of years in succession he had been visited, during these holiday seasons, with afflictions similar to that which we are about to relate. So he said to his wife, on leaving home, "God be praised if I can pass through these festivities without having something unpleasant occur."

Mrs. Lavater wished to rise early on the following morning, as she intended to visit her married sister, and therefore retired earlier than usual on the night of her husband's absence. She was suddenly awakened, however, by an alarming report. She thought it must be an earthquake. The servant was awakened at the same time, but supposed the noise proceeded from the neighbor's house. When all was quiet, and they heard nothing more, they soon fell asleep again.

The secretary, after taking his supper, had gone singing and whistling into his room.

From there, unperceived, he went into Mr. Lavater's study, and here, after seating himself upon the bed, shot a bullet through his heart.

Mrs. Lavater arose very early in the morning, having no suspicion that any thing special had occurred, and left to visit her sister. A short time afterward little Nettie, who was seven years of age, went into her father's study, and saw the secretary lying quietly on the bed. The wound was concealed, and the pistol lay on the floor behind the bed-curtain. The child did not suspect any thing, and supposed the young man was sleeping, but on trying to awaken him she was startled by his cold hand, and, being frightened, hastened below and told what she had seen. The servant ran upstairs and witnessed the horrid spectacle, which confirmed her belief that Providence had foreordained evil for the house. The unhappy man had placed the burning light on a chair near by, and near it was the remainder of the gun-

powder. The candle had burnt entirely out without doing any harm.

Mr. Pfenninger, a friend of the family, started immediately to convey the sad intelligence to Mr. Lavater. As he approached the place, Mr. Lavater saw him coming in the distance, and suspected instantly that all was not right, so he called out, "You have bad news?" One can imagine how he was affected, as this dreadful event was communicated to him. On returning to Zurich Mr. Lavater went to accompany his wife home, and to convey to her the melancholy news. As he related it to her she fainted, and afterward had a very severe illness.

Mr. Lavater suffered very severely in consequence of the painful circumstance, and wrote to a friend: "God has never before afflicted me in this way. I feel that I must gather together all of earth's unfortunate ones, and assist them in some way. How their condition pains me! My place of study, which was for-

merly a place of quiet, is now one of horror and disgust."

Gradually this sad event, which had come in as a thunder-cloud in the heavens, to disturb the peace of their quiet married life, lived only in their memories. In the year 1780 a little daughter was given to the parents, and received the name of Louise. This was their last child, and brought much happiness to their home and hearts; but this joy, too, was connected with sorrow, for the mother being in very bad health, would often look at her child, as it was lying in the cradle, and say: "Ah, my dear child, who will take care of you? Your mother can not be with you much longer." But the Lord did permit her to live many years longer, and she passed also through many more severe afflictions.

In 1782 Mr. Lavater visited his friend Pastor Daniker, of Obenried, and while there was attacked with a severe pain in his breast, which at first threatened to be very dangerous.

His wife was apprised of his condition, and was soon at his bedside. Her feelings can well be imagined as she hastened to him, leaving her children at home. Through the goodness of God, however, he was soon restored to health, and the following year made quite an extensive journey, taking his son Henry, then fifteen years of age, with him, in order to place him in charge of a friend to pursue his studies. Mr. Lavater remained from his family for several weeks. At the beginning of the year 1784 his health was more alarming than previously; one severe pain in his breast followed another, and was accompanied with a severe cough. Mr. Lavater was one of those men who give little attention to their health, always working without interruption. On account of his frequent illness he had accustomed himself to writing much in bed, not allowing the inconvenience connected with this habit to disturb him. His head was always sound, and therefore he was better enabled to overcome the in-

firmities of his body. He often went from his bed to the pulpit, and from the pulpit to his bed again, never neglecting to receive and instruct persons for confirmation. He was often carried on a litter, or sedan chair, to see the sick, which he felt was his duty. When he wished recreation and rest he would make a little trip to Richterswyl, and visit his friend Hotz.

The solicitude that Mrs. Lavater felt for her husband again can easily be imagined. In connection with Mr. Lavater's illness, her own health continued very critical. The physician advised that it was necessary for both of them immediately to visit the Baths of Pfeffers, which they did.

The Hot Springs of Pfeffers run from a deep rocky crevice into a large, beautiful, and romantic ravine. The baths lie between two precipitous ranges of rugged mountains, and the space between them is so narrow that the sun shines in the valley below only six hours



a day during the longest days of Summer. An hour's walk along this rocky ravine, with the foaming waters of the Yamina running through, we find the beautiful little village of Ragatz. This lovely valley is inclosed on all sides by lofty mountains, and, as Mr. Lavater and his wife beheld this beautiful landscape, their hearts were filled with ecstasy, and it is not surprising that they felt like remaining in such an enchanting spot. They were accompanied by their daughter Nettie, whose health was also delicate, and who was also much improved by means of these baths. The parents were greatly refreshed in mind and body by the delightful walks over the mountains and through the valleys, and by their acquaintance with the other visitors.

The family returned to their home in Zurich with highly improved health, but it was not of long duration. Mr. Lavater was obliged again, in the following year, to leave his pastoral duties for a while, when he made a journey in

company with Count Henry Reuss and his wife, and was absent for several weeks. He passed through Lucerne, and that enchantingly beautiful Alpine region, the Bernese Oberland, to North Germany, visiting Bremen and other places of interest. Soon after his return he was unanimously called to fill the position of chief pastor of St. Peter's Church, the place having become vacant by the death of his associate. This new position gave Mr. Lavater great pleasure, for he was relieved of much of the pastoral work which had hitherto occupied so much of his time. The only source of sorrow now was the continual illness of his wife. In the year 1787 she was a constant sufferer, and often her faith and patience were sorely tried ; but her husband, in these hours of darkness, was continually with her, administering words of consolation and encouragement.

In the year 1789 Mrs. Lavater's heart was filled with a new sorrow by the death of her pious and venerable mother ; but her grief

was somewhat assuaged by the return home of her son Henry, who was soon afterward settled in Richterswyl as a physician, and whose marriage occurred on the 17th of November, of the same year, his father performing the ceremony. On the day following the marriage both parents suffered again from illness. On the 10th of March, 1793, Mr. Lavater gave expression to his feelings, during this period of his wife's sufferings, in the following lines :

Dearest soul, how much thy suff'ring  
Stays thy constant, pure advance !  
Newer joys, and newer trustings,  
Beam to thee from Jesus' glance.  
Think in works, in silence, meekness,  
Oft on all His deeds of grace ;  
Oft upon His friendly promise,  
Which in joy our pains displace.

The next year Mr. Lavater was again attacked with a complication of diseases. His cough returned with more violence, and he had fears of a new pulmonary difficulty. The dizziness, which had earlier troubled him, also

returned ; but so great was his desire for study that he partially conquered these bodily complaints, and his anxiety for the health of his wife was much greater than for his own. Mrs. Lavater derived much comfort at this time from the return home of her son Henry, of Richterswyl, who thoroughly understood his profession, and who, besides, exerted himself in every way to relieve his mother of pain and anxiety.

At the time when the parents welcomed their son home they were at the same time about to part with their daughter Nettie, who was to be married to the Rev. Mr. Gessner, Pastor of the Fraumunster Church, of Zurich. Mr. Lavater performed the marriage ceremony on the 14th of April, 1795. His tender love for his wife may be seen from the following words, which he addressed to his daughter on this occasion : " Be a faithful wife as you have been a faithful daughter ! All the virtues of your mother, who loves you as the apple of her

eye, and whom you love as your own life, must pass over with you to your husband!"

Thus matters went on from year to year, amid joys as well as sorrows. Mr. Lavater's house became constantly more lonely, for now only Louise, the youngest daughter, remained at home. The times became harder and more troublous. The effects of the French Revolution became constantly more severely felt, even in Switzerland. The mountains, rising high toward the heavens, and the green valleys of this land, the witnesses of a great and glorious past, remained the same, but the people had become changed—totally changed. The destructive principles which had polluted the neighboring country with all possible horrors and crimes had also gained entrance into Switzerland. The spirit of lawlessness and rebellion spread farther and farther. The so-called "rights of man," the abolishment of all differences of birth, of privileges and standing, filled every malevolent heart.

Mr. Lavater opposed these ruinous movements from the first by his writings and addresses. He said of himself: "God forbid that I should ever say a word which shall not testify to a deep abhorrence of the pharisees of freedom, these most dangerous tyrants of humanity!" But all in vain. France knew how successfully to stir up and make booty out of the fire of passion. One canton after the other, and Zurich with them, were compelled to succumb to the driving storm, and to declare for universal freedom and equality. The French carried out their audacious plans, marched into Switzerland in 1798, and conquered the Confederates, who opposed them with heroic courage. On the 12th of April, of the same year, the Helvetic Republic was proclaimed, and on the 19th of August an offensive and defensive alliance was concluded with France.

The French plundered the unfortunate land with cruel severity. They imposed war taxes, and exacted contributions in all the cantons;

and, where necessary, collected them at the point of the bayonet. Under their protection low villains and most abject men were made the highest officials. The "Executive Directory" consisted of a shameless and disorderly rabble. Imprisonment or exile was now the fruit which began to ripen upon the tree of freedom. Mr. Lavater alone ventured, with unexampled intrepidity, and with truly apostolic courage, to give expression as a free man and a heroic, courageous Swiss, to his indignation at the base injury to, or rather the destruction of, all justice. He did this by means of his "Word of a Free Swiss to the Great Nation," which he addressed, under his own name, to Reubel, a member of the French Government at that time. This work was printed, without his co-operation, and more than a hundred thousand copies circulated.

The arrogance of those in power grew from day to day. In Zurich itself, on the 2d of April, 1799, ten of the most respectable, hon-

est, and deserving citizens were suddenly arrested and dragged off like criminals. On the following Sunday, the 7th of April, Mr. Lavater preached in the church from Romans xiii, 1-4: "Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers. For there is no power but of God: the powers that be are ordained of God. Whosoever therefore resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God; and they that resist shall receive to themselves damnation. For rulers are not a terror to good works, but to evil. Wilt thou then not be afraid of the power? Do that which is good, and thou shalt have praise of the same." This sermon was a precious testimony to his incorruptible sense of truth—his love of justice and candor. In the final portion of it, in which he treats the purpose of those in authority, appears the following passage:

"Can any thing be more terrible; any thing by which the authorities can so lower and bring shame upon themselves; any thing by



which more scorn is uttered against all justice and freedom, than when the innocent as well as the guilty ; when the honest men as well as miscreants ; when the sincere and warm friends of his land as well as the traitor ; when the honorable man as well as the rebel are treated exactly alike by the authorities in power ; when fear becomes the portion of those who do good, *because* they do good ; when the harmless, sinless heart is thrown into anguish ; the retiring, modest, and innocent one is made to tremble, and sighs are evoked from the honest sons of our father-land ?

“Future and divinely appointed rulers of my dear Helvetic father-land, let my words ring in your ears ! I will speak as long as I am able what I believe to be my duty. Think on what I say after I shall have long rested in the bosom of the earth. Never fear to do good works, and never let good men be terrified ! That does not become servants and representatives of the Invisible Highest Power. Be

early cautioned before the siren voice of the deceiver overcomes you ; learn to know it before it whispers in your ear. This siren voice speaks no word of justice, duty, law ; it speaks only of passion, which knows no law—of the force of circumstances, where men should not be too particular.

“It excuses unrighteousness, justifies illegality, and glosses over abominations. It calls public violence cunning ; the most unmitigated despotism necessary measures, and the utter disregard of the safety of the individual security a means of protection for their safety. This siren voice dares to speak of higher politics—of righteous political reasons ; and when it has finally to acknowledge that certain things are hard and unrighteous in themselves, it yet attempts to call them necessary evils, and to declare that things, however inhuman in themselves, are the sacrifice which we are in duty bound to make for the good of the country.

“I will speak as long as I can speak, and I

pray you to remember that, when I shall have been placed in the bosom of the earth, this siren voice will still endeavor to deceive you. Imagine for yourselves, with all the calmness of reason, what a spirit pervades this voice. And when it becomes clear to you that it is not the language of reason, of right, or of conscience, but deceptive sounds which you hear, cry aloud, in the hour of your temptation, 'Get thee behind me, Satan! Away with the policy that terrifies innocence and virtue! Down into the abyss from whence thou camest, thou infamous political deception, thou that doest good that evil may come from it!'

"I have heretofore spoken of future rulers, but I would rather speak here of present ones. There is nothing in the world that I could more desire than to be transferred at this moment to the seat of the Helvetic Government, in Lucerne. If it were possible that all the highest functionaries of the State could be pressed into this church that I might say

clearly and boldly, in the name of the Gospel, to the hearts of the future representatives of the nation the truths which my heart tells me spring from the interest of the hour, I would stretch out my hands imploringly to them, and in the name of the spirit of truth and of patriotism, would cry, 'Fathers and brethren! be not a terror to the good, but to the evil! Let no fear—for fear belongs only to petty souls—mislead you to assume the air of timidity! Let not a morbid solicitation for your country lead you to suspect persons of crime who are perfectly innocent!'"

Notwithstanding all the positiveness and sharpness with which Mr. Lavater spoke in that sermon of the unscrupulous and ungodly rulers of his country, he nevertheless did not transgress the bounds drawn by the Gospel itself. He answered the question correctly, "Shall the Christian obey the powers that be?" by replying: "We do not dare to make any exceptions—reason, conscience, and the spirit

of Christianity require it—unless the powers that be require of us what is unrighteous, and contrary to duty and conscience. In that case, obedience can not be thought of for a moment, but we must say, though modestly, and from the heart, ‘Whether it be right in the sight of God to hearken unto you more than unto God, judge ye.’ Acts iv, 19. For no power can confer the right of doing evil; no authority is ruler over the conscience and the holy laws of right, which are engraved upon every human heart.”

But Mr. Lavater added, in order to prevent any misunderstanding, these clear and emphatic words: “The weapons of Christians are not carnal, but spiritual. Prayer and wisdom, humble patience, spirit and veneration, earnest speech, clear ideas, prayer, supplication and exhortation—these, Christians, are your weapons, even when you feel that you are suffering injustice at the hands of the civil authorities. I say to you, as clearly and forcibly as I can,

that it is an abomination in God's sight to have any unchristian thought of revolt against the powers that be, or of favoring those who would oppose them. We have ample means, though without force, of opposing unjust authority with reason and propriety. Have we not great doctrines and examples before us of how we should act in opposition to unjust laws? Take, for example, the words of Paul: 'Is it lawful for you to scourge a man that is a Roman, and uncondemned?' Or those other simple and dignified words, spoken by Christ himself: 'If I have spoken evil, bear witness of the evil; but if well, why smitest thou me?'

"To the question, Why should we obey the powers that be? Paul gives the answer: 'They are ordained of God!' Remarkable words! At Paul's time both Rome and the Roman Kingdom were under the control of a cruel and tyrannical authority. Who does not know that Nero—that disgrace to human government, that monster of humanity—held at that

very time the scepter in his hand! And yet it was this very authority that Paul declared to be ordained and instituted by God, and should be respected for God's sake! O, that I could impress upon your hearts, with sufficient force, this great apostolic conception! God has to be revered in the powers that be. Obedience to the powers that be is declared to be obedience to God. To revolt against them is declared to be revolt against God. O, Christian, if your Gospel is sacred to you, hold fast to this clear, positive, and irrevocable apostolical doctrine, which alone, more than all exterior physical and political power, can guarantee and pledge the rest and security of the State!"

In relating these passages we have had specially in view the presentation of a picture of the preaching of a Christian minister in those troublous times, and especially because, in the present case, this sermon was followed by such serious results to Mr. Lavater and his family.

The discourse produced upon the entire congregation an indescribable impression. Mrs. Lavater was so deeply affected that, after returning home from church, she said these words to her husband: "Now, without question, you will be exiled for this very sermon. But let the Lord's will be done! Whatever takes place I shall meet it calmly, for I feel now that you have done justice to your conscience. I have not a word to say against a word that you have uttered!" The sermon was not well received, as we can very well imagine, by the men at the head of the Government, though it testified clearly enough to the necessity of obeying the powers that be. Mr. Lavater was called on, and requested to furnish an abstract of his sermon.

The Swiss Directory really resolved upon his banishment. Yet difficulties were feared in carrying out the rigid measure, and the decree was changed to suspension from his office. This, too, was prevented by the exertions of



a friend. Finally the resolution was adopted of sending to Mr. Lavater a gentle expression of disapproval, which contained these words: "We are aware of your good intentions, and yet, in future, you should not allow your zeal to lead you to indulge in such strong expressions."

The threatening storm seemed, for once, at least, to have passed by without harm. Mr. Lavater's friends, who, at the first, were very anxious about him, had now ceased to apprehend any danger. Week after week passed by, and he was not interfered with in the slightest. He therefore felt that there was no more any cause for suspecting harm. The Government, however, continued its abominable abuse of power. For instance, the letters of all such men as were suspected, in a slight degree, of being opposed to the prevailing system were broken open and read, though this was but one evidence of the shameful injustice on the part of those in authority.

Mr. Lavater was constantly watched, and finally a letter of his which was captured and read was made the occasion for a measure of violence and extreme injustice. Mr. Lavater, at the request of the Russian Empress, had sold her a part of his cabinet of physiognomy. In a letter to a friend he made the following reference to the transaction: "The Russian Empress is indebted to a certain friend of mine five hundred and thirty dollars. As all the post-lines in the country are cut off, and my friend does not know where to write, could you not advise him how he could be relieved from this difficulty?"

Now, nobody could really have the foolish suspicion that Mr. Lavater or any of his friends could have been bribed by Russia to betray his country to that foreign power. Yet this passage in his letter was made use of to arrest the so-called "dangerous" man and prevent him from committing further injury

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Mr. Lavater, who at that time was suffering from rheumatism, had left, in company with his wife, on the 14th of May, 1799, in order to try, for the restoration of his health, the virtue of the sulphur baths in the canton of Aargau. His wife had been expecting that he would derive much benefit from them, and had been anticipating the journey for some weeks. The laborious man and his scarcely less active wife were in full hope of having a season of rest and retirement. But the very morning after their arrival at Baden brought them terror and alarm. Mr. Pfenninger, the Prefect of the city, broke into Mr. Lavater's quiet parsonage at Zurich at the hour of midnight, with an escort of soldiers, and examined his rooms, writings, papers, books, and letters, breaking open all that he desired, and carrying a portion off with him as a welcome booty.

Mr. Lavater, who had not the slightest suspicion of this occurrence, had spent the whole

night in excruciating pain, produced by his sickness. On the morning of the 16th of May, at six o'clock, there was a rap at his bed-room door in Baden. According to his custom, he exclaimed, "Come in!" although the sufferer was lying in bed. Three men came in and communicated to him the fact that they had been commissioned by the Directory of the Helvetic Republic to take possession of all his papers. Mr. Lavater quietly answered, "Now, in God's name, take what you find, and discharge your duty!" Thereupon one of the three men, the Prefect Tobler, showed him the written order requiring his transportation immediately to Basle. Mr. Lavater likewise received this message calmly, with undisturbed mien, and replied quietly, "I have nothing to say to this either. I will put up with whatever you do. However, bear in mind my diseased condition." Mrs. Lavater, who could not endure the scene quietly any longer, then said, "What,

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would you take my sick husband away from the very place where he has come to get a little strength? No, I do n't believe you can. I can not let him go away! You can watch him here all you please, for he will not attempt to escape from you. To take him away, in his present state, would be—I, at least, can not submit to it."

Mr. Lavater then found it necessary, first of all, to calm his wife, for he saw that she was greatly excited. He then said to her, "Let God's will be done! You see that I must go through with this. Let it be. Be quiet, for that is the best course. You are too frail to endure the journey, and would be of no service to me. Return at once from Baden to Zurich. Be assured that God will give me friends wherever I go. He will do every thing for the benefit of my health. I shall want nothing. God will be as near to me in Basle as in Baden or in Zurich. Take courage, and submit to circumstances. It is

God's will, as you very well see. Though you are certain of my innocence, you can be equally assured that God will not forsake me, and will not prevent my innocence from being proved to the world. Certainly, I should have learned very little if I had not learned to trust God fearlessly and in a child-like way under such circumstances. Good-by, we shall soon meet again."

After these comforting words Mr. Lavater turned to the Prefect again, and said to him, "I urge upon you to think if I am really ready for the undertaking, and whether it is really prudent to visit upon an innocent and sick man, and upon a public teacher, in this time of trouble, such measures of violence as you propose to inflict upon me. As far as I am concerned, I am perfectly ready to obey your orders. But I assure you, further, that I have spent half of last night in excruciating pain, and that I have only expected relief by means of the waters of this place."

The Prefect answered, "I believe it is true that you preached on the 13th of May. However, can you say that it is physically impossible for you to leave the bed?"

Mr. Lavater replied, "I can not say that such is the fact, for I came from Zurich to Baden the day before yesterday, though with great difficulty; but since I have reached here my pain has increased."

The three men retired from the room for a moment to consult together as to what was best to be done. They soon returned, and then the Prefect said, "I can not allow you to remain here; I must carry out my orders."

"Now, in God's name," replied Mr. Lavater, "let his will be done!"

The necessary measures were immediately taken by the officers to secure the sick man's papers, and to transport Mr. Lavater to Basle. The three deputies had not even tender-heartedness enough to leave him and his wife alone for a moment, and likewise the

earnest entreaties of the devoted woman to be permitted to accompany her husband were inexorably rejected. They were both treated as if they were heinous offenders against the law. Mrs. Lavater, however, was enabled to contribute an important service to her husband and to the good cause which he loved. In a wardrobe in the room there was a large portfolio containing loose writings and important letters of friends. Yet among them all there was not a syllable which a pure heart could misinterpret as dangerous to the State. Still, in case any of them should fall into the hands of his enemies, they might be perverted into testimony against him, and their evidence might become very serious.

Mrs. Lavater thought of this, and, in her quiet way, as she passed toward a corner of the room, she stood a moment at the door of the wardrobe, and, without being perceived by any one, even her own husband, she locked the door, and handed the key to a servant-



girl who was standing near by. In this way the very existence of a closet was not observed, for it was made in the wall, and it would not have been very easy to detect it without a knob or a key to show its whereabouts. As already intimated, the thoughtfulness of Mrs. Lavater proved, in the end, very well-timed, for it was afterward found that among the papers were some of the very greatest importance to Mr. Lavater.

Mr. Lavater now submitted to his fate very joyously, and offered the following prayer in the presence of the officers and his wife: "O Lord, my God, let this occurrence contribute to my good, and may it be of special service to my native country! Teach me how to improve wisely every moment of this time. I commend to thee my wife and children! Lord, have mercy on my poor country!"

Mrs. Lavater, who could not take the event in that calm, resigned way that her husband did, bedewed every thing that she

touched with her tears. She summoned enough strength, however, to attend her husband to the wagon that was standing before the door. Here she saw a dragoon and two soldiers with fixed bayonets. Mr. Lavater, as soon as he saw them, smiled; but his wife, terrified at the sight, smote her hands together, and exclaimed, "My husband—and bayonets!" and sank to the ground in a swoon. She was taken into the house, and Mr. Lavater compelled to take his departure. As soon as he saw four more dragoons marching by for his escort, he said to the chief officer, "I have never traveled before in such aristocratic style as this." A few hours after this event Mr. Gessner came, with his wife, to console the afflicted, yes, almost heart-broken mother. She soon found rest and resignation, and had the faith to say, at last, "Thy will be done!"

This affair caused great excitement in Zurich. Many citizens desired immediately a convention of the whole population, to take

such measures as the nature of the high-handed offense required. The good people, who were so deeply attached to their pastor, and would have done any thing for him, could be induced only with the greatest difficulty to give up the desire of a general meeting; but the Church council of St. Peter's parish immediately issued an emphatic protest, in the name of the whole parish, against the iniquitous proceeding. The protest was addressed to the Directory of the Government. Mr. Lavater's son and many firm friends did the same thing in a private way.

The captive arrived, on the same day, at six o'clock in the evening, in the town of Olten, in the canton of Solothurn. He here wrote immediately a consolatory letter to his children, and inclosed in it an address to his colleague, to be read to the congregation on the following Sunday. It read as follows:

"I beseech and exhort all of you who love me, and who would willingly suffer for

me, even more earnestly than ever to refrain from all harsh opinions or expressions against my treatment, and take no step which could give the slightest offense. Remain, my dear friends, as calm as I am, and, however much you may love me, let every thing you do be seasoned with wisdom, dignity, and calm modesty. I repeat the assurance already given you, that I expect to see you soon again. The short separation will certainly be blessed to the good of us all. Whatever may happen to me, not a thing, no, not the least, can take place which is not necessary for my purification and spiritual elevation. Nothing can take away my courage, or lead me to be less attached to the truth, and to declare it as I believe it. Let us all be faithful to our duty, to righteousness, and to truth, or, which embraces all, to the Lord! May the Lord be with us all!"

He also wrote a letter from here to the Directory, in which he protested against the

injustice of the proceeding, and earnestly requested a legal and impartial trial. On the following day he reached Basle. Strange to say, his health was not any worse; he even felt better. The unexpected and peculiar journey had just the contrary effect to what he or any body else could have anticipated. In Basle he was delivered over to the Government Prefect, Mr. Schmidt, in whose house he enjoyed friendly and proper treatment. The solitude which he there found was precious to his soul, for it was such as he had not enjoyed for many years. Of the hours spent there in quiet he thus wrote: "Blessed, calm solitude! How blessed and holy art thou to me, and how sweet and strange now! I enjoyed myself with a calmness which I can call perfect, if only my dear family could know how pleasantly situated I am."

On the following day, after Mr. Lavater's arrival in Basle, the trial took place, so that his desire was granted much more quickly

than he had expected. The result was that he was promptly and honorably acquitted. As might have been seen at the commencement, there was not the slightest evidence of guilt brought against him during the entire proceedings. On the 10th of June he was again set free, and on the following day he started for his home in Zurich. But the Austrians, with whom the allied Prussians under Suwarow had come in conflict, had occupied this city, and the whole country around, as far as the Saint Gothard Pass and the Rhine. In the direction of Basle, however, the French army under Massena held its position, and all communication was cut off, so that Mr. Lavater was compelled to stop for a while in Baden.

His request, which he urged by a personal visit to Massena, that he might have permission to pass to Zurich, was rejected. He therefore remained a month in the village of Knonau, where his sister lived, with her son-

in-law. He here found a most affectionate reception. At the same time, during his stay here, he took the place of the resident pastor, who had become suddenly diseased, and was compelled to give up for a time all official duties. Mr. Lavater's friends in Basle earnestly requested him to return once more to their city, where they hoped to secure him a safe and easy journey home. Mr. Lavater therefore joyfully returned to Basle, but his hopes were doomed to disappointment; he was compelled to stay in Basle just as long as he would have done in Knonau, and with no immediate prospect of returning to Zurich.

Finally, after three long weeks, Mr. Lavater was delivered by the shrewdness of a noble lady. This lady had repeatedly received permission from the French officers to make visits to friends living beyond the French camp. On the 14th of August, however, she gained written permission for a little company to make a

visit to the village of Hausing. Mr. Lavater was one of the company, and by going with them, he found himself safely brought beyond the line of the French outposts. He was once more free, and in due time was met by his family and friends, who received him with shouts of rejoicing. This was a happy reunion after a sorrowful separation of three months. Mr. Lavater described the whole occurrence in a poetical letter to his friend Pfeffel.

On the 16th of August he reached the city gate of Zurich, but not so quickly the parsonage of St. Peter's Church. The news of his return had spread like wild-fire throughout the city. The happy faces and outstretched hands of multitudes bade him hearty welcome, and the way was fairly hedged up before him by the multitude thronging to do him honor. During the first hours after his arrival the parsonage was filled with friends desiring to see him and to greet him. These were happy



days, and such as made Mr. Lavater forget in a moment all the pain and sorrowful recollections of the past three months. On Sunday, the 18th of August, two days after his return, he preached again in his church, from the following words: "And the people asked him, saying, What shall we do then?" Luke iii, 10.

This discourse was a master-piece—a proof of his love of truth, patriotism, his pure heart, and his eloquence. He applied the question of the text to the preachers of his country, to the government of the canton, to the foreign troops who were stationed at that time in Zurich, to the citizens of the city, to Christian fathers and mothers, to all who felt oppressed by the heavy burdens of the day, and finally to *himself*. In reply to the last question, What shall I do? he answered: "Be faithful, pray much, be of good courage, have new confidence, await joyfully on my ministry, look in every direction for God's will, and speak some-

thing useful wherever there is an opportunity. I must ask myself often, what can I do at this time, and according to its necessities, to contribute, by my character and vocation, to the maintenance of peace, and to the good of the State? In what way can I eradicate from the hearts of my fellow-citizens all revenge, bitterness, and thought of oppression? What is my peculiar duty? What is required for me alone to do? What is in my power? Such questions I think I should often present to myself with conscientiousness and earnestness, and answer them with confidence and resolution. May the Lord strengthen me in my good resolves! May the Lord make me an instrument of salvation to others!"

The immense congregation had but one ear, one heart, and one soul. Mr. Lavater afterward regarded this hour as one of the sweetest and happiest of his life. How many hopes were at that time centered upon that good man, and, in return, how filled was his own

heart with holy and firm determination to brave every danger and perform every duty! But, alas! little did they think that in a few weeks they would be deprived of that strong voice and warm heart!





## CHAPTER V.

### *The Devoted Wife.*

**T**HE description of Mr. Lavater's happy return home brings us to an important period of Mrs. Lavater's domestic and married life. Hitherto we have traced much of her career in connection with that of her husband. We will now present the relation that she sustained as a wife, mother, Christian, and especially that of a minister's wife.

As we have before seen, the first eight years of her married life were passed in the house of her father-in-law, and were not unattended with trials. Her mother-in-law, though possessed of many eminent qualities, demanded from those around her a submission and defer-

erence which every daughter-in-law would not be willing to give. But Anna performed the duties allotted to her in this household with modesty and gentleness, which were not only a strong proof of her character, but of the faithfulness and love which she cherished for her husband. Mr. Lavater knew and appreciated this fully, and a long time after his marriage wrote to a friend such words as the following: "I am the happiest man under the sun! I would be shamefully unthankful if I were to ask for more. God could not create in a hundred years hearts that could better harmonize. Providence is more than just. I am especially grateful for the care that God has taken for my happiness."

Another proof of this woman's love, and which she carried through her entire married life, was the fulfillment of the promises and resolutions which she had made at the time of her marriage. At first her husband was able to spend much of his time with her, but

later she was so much occupied that she had very little of his society. Her husband was an industrious and untiring worker. He slept but seven hours in the twenty-four, and much of the remaining part of his time he might be found at his writing-desk. He allowed himself but half an hour for eating his dinner and conversation with his family, returning immediately to his labors, and continuing at them uninterruptedly the whole day. His large and extensive correspondence occupied much of his limited time. When at his meals he always had a quantity of papers or a book near his plate. Also when traveling for his health or visiting his friends his pockets were filled with paper, and on his arrival at a stopping-place he would seat himself at the first table and begin to write.

He was often reproved by his friends for writing so much. At one time he gave the following answer: "When it is said or written to me a million of times, either politely or

impolitely, refined or rudely, scornfully or laughingly, with pleasant goodness or blind waggishness, 'Do not write so much!' it makes the same impression as if some one were to say, 'Be not as good as you can, and do not do as much good as you can!' Before God, the world, and myself I am convinced that I have written nothing, nor that it is my intention to write any thing, but what will benefit the public. I am also fully persuaded that my writings will be read free from prejudice, whatever people may think of me personally."

Mr. Lavater's economy of time was such that he wrote while taking his daily walks. He always carried in his pocket a small writing-case, containing blank cards, upon which, when any thing new occurred to his mind, he immediately wrote it down.

The larger portion of his valuable time was occupied in his regular work—his preaching, instruction of the young, and visiting of the sick. In addition to this his house was con-

stantly thronged with visitors, who were continually coming and going. It is proper here to mention the different long journeys that Mr. Lavater made. In 1774 he went to Ems; in 1777, to Berne and Reuenburg; in 1782, to Carlsruhe; in 1783, to Offenbach; in 1785, to Lucerne and Geneva; in 1786, to Bremen; in 1789, to Basle; in 1791, to Mömpelgard, and in 1793, to Copenhagen; and upon none of these did his wife accompany him, so that we can readily see of how much pleasure she was deprived. Indeed, it seemed impossible for her to share any kind of pleasure with her husband, his time being so occupied; but she bore these privations which were laid upon her with a quiet patience and modest demeanor, finding happiness in maternal and domestic relations, which is truly no little praise.

It was the usual practice of Mr. Lavater to read every morning several chapters in the Bible, and to select from them one particular



passage for frequent and special meditation during the day. One morning, after reading the fifth and sixth chapters of St. Matthew, he exclaimed, "What a treasure of morality! How difficult to make choice of any portion of it!" After a few minutes' consideration, he threw himself on his knees and prayed for Divine guidance. When he joined his wife at dinner she asked him what passage of Scripture he had chosen for the day. "Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away," was the reply.

"And how is this to be understood?"

"'Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away,' are the words of Him," rejoined Mr. Lavater, "to whom all and every thing belongs that I possess. I am the steward, not the proprietor. The proprietor desires me to give to him that asks me, and not to refuse him who would borrow of me; or, in other

words, if I have two coats I must give one to him who has none ; and if I have food, I must share with him who is an hungered and in want. This I must do without being asked ; how much more, then, should I do so when asked ?”

“This,” continues Mr. Lavater in his diary, “appeared to me so evidently and undoubtedly to be the meaning of the verses in question, that I spoke with more than usual warmth. My wife made no further reply than that she would take these things to heart.

“I had scarcely left the dining-room a few minutes when an aged widow desired to speak with me, and she was shown into my study. ‘Forgive me, dear sir,’ she said ; ‘excuse the liberty I am about to take. I am truly ashamed, but my rent is due to-morrow, and I am short of six dollars. I have been confined to my bed by sickness, and my poor child is nearly starving. Every penny that I could save I have laid aside to meet this de-

mand, but six dollars are yet wanting and to-morrow is term-day.'

"Here she opened a parcel which she held in her hand, and said: 'This is a book with a silver clasp, which my late husband gave me the day we were married. It is all I can spare of the few articles I possess, and how it grieves me to part with it! I am aware that it is not enough, nor do I see how I could ever repay you; but, dear sir, if you can, do assist me!'

"'I am very sorry, my good woman, that I can not help you,' I said; and, putting my hand into my pocket, I accidentally felt my purse, which contained about two dollars. These, I said to myself, can not extricate her from her difficulty—she requires six; besides, if even they could, I have need of this money for some other purpose. Turning, then, to the widow, I said, 'Have you no friend, no relation who could give you this trifle?'

"'No, not a soul! I am ashamed to go

from house to house. I would rather work day and night. My excuse for being here is that people speak so much of your goodness. If, however, you can not assist me, you will, at least, forgive my intrusion, and God, who has never yet forsaken me, will not, surely, turn away from me in my sixty-sixth year.'

"At this moment the door of my apartment opened, and my wife entered. I was ashamed and vexed, and gladly would I have sent her away, for conscience whispered, 'Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away.' She came up to me and said, with much sweetness, 'This is a good old woman; she has certainly been ill of late; assist her if you can.'

"Shame and compassion struggled in my darkened soul. 'I have but two dollars,' I said, in a whisper, 'and she requires six. I will give her a trifle, and let her go.'

"Laying her hand on my arm, and smil-

ingly looking into my face, my wife said aloud what conscience had whispered before, 'Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away.'

"I blushed, and replied, with some little vexation, 'Would you give your ring for that purpose?'

"'With pleasure,' answered my wife, pulling off her ring.

"The good old woman was either too simple or too modest to notice what was going on, and was preparing to retire, when my wife called to her to wait in the hall. When we were left alone I asked my wife, 'Are you in earnest about the ring?'

"'Certainly, how can you doubt it?' she said. 'Do you think I would trifle with charity? Remember what you said to me but half an hour ago! O, my dear, let us not make a show of the Gospel! You are, in general, so kind, so sympathizing; how is it that you now find it so difficult to assist

this poor woman? Why did you not, without hesitation, give her what you had in your pocket? And did you not know that there were yet six dollars in your desk, and that your quarter's salary will be paid to us in less than eight days?'

"She then added, with much feeling, 'Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Behold the fowls of the air: they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your Heavenly Father feedeth them.'

"I kissed my wife, while tears ran down my cheeks. 'Thanks, a thousand thanks, for this humiliation!' I turned to the desk, took from it the six dollars, and opened the door to call in the poor widow. All darkened around me at the thought that I had been so forgetful of the omniscience of God as to say to her, 'I can not help you.' O, thou false tongue—thou false heart! If the Lord

should mark iniquities, O, Lord, who shall stand?

“‘Here is what you need,’ I said, addressing the widow.

“At first she seemed not to understand what I meant, and thought I was offering her a small contribution, for which she thanked me, and pressed my hand; but, when she perceived that I had given her the whole sum, she could scarcely find words to express her feelings. She cried, ‘Dear sir, I can not repay you; all I possess is this book, and it is old.’

“‘Keep your book,’ I said, ‘and the money too, and thank God, and not me, for verily I deserve no thanks after having so long resisted your entreaties. Go in peace, and forgive an erring brother.’

“I returned to my wife with downcast looks, but she smiled, and said, ‘Do not take it so much to heart, my dear; you yielded at my first suggestion. But promise me that so

long as I wear a gold ring on my finger—and you know that I possess several besides—you will never allow yourself to say to any poor person, ‘I can not help you.’ She then kissed me, and left the apartment.

“When I found myself alone I sat down and wrote this account in my diary, in order to humble my deceitful heart—this heart which, no longer ago than yesterday, dictated the words, ‘Of all characters in the world, there is none I would more anxiously avoid being than a hypocrite.’ Yet, to preach the whole moral law, and to fulfill only the easy part of it, is hypocrisy. Merciful Father, how long must I wait, and reflect, and struggle ere I shall be able to rely on the perfect sincerity of my profession! I read over once more the chapter which I had read this morning with so little benefit, and felt more and more ashamed and convinced that there is no peace except where principle and practice are in perfect accordance. How peacefully and



happily I might have ended this day, had I acted up conscientiously to the doctrines I profess! Dear Savior, send thy Holy Spirit into this benighted heart, cleanse it from secret sin, and teach me to employ that which thou hast committed to my charge to thy glory, a brother's welfare, and my own blessing!"

Another circumstance showing the gentleness of Mrs. Lavater's character is recorded in Mr. Lavater's diary:

"At one time, while I was not in a very cheerful humor, the servant asked me if she should sweep out my study. I replied, 'Yes,' but charged her strictly not to disturb my papers or books. I had scarcely left my room when my wife came where I was, and seemed to anticipate that there might be some accident, so that she left me unperceived, and went to give the servant more strict directions. I called out, at the bottom of the stairs, 'Is my room not yet swept?' There

was no reply. I hastened upstairs, and, as I entered the room, I found that the servant had, with her broom, thrown down the ink-stand, from a book-shelf, upon my writing-table. My wife was very much frightened. 'What a foolish thing that girl is!' I exclaimed. 'I expressly warned her to be on her guard.'

"My wife came to me, silently and timidly, and, instead of my becoming ashamed of myself, my anger found a new outlet, and, in a complaining and fretful manner, I spoke of the injury which I supposed was done to my most valuable manuscripts, whereas the ink was only on some old printing-paper.

"The servant found comfort in secreting herself, and my wife, in a gentle and timid voice, said to me, 'Ah, I see that you are in an ill-humor,' and embraced me. I felt like yielding as she looked into my face and said, in an inexpressibly tender manner, 'You are injuring your precious health.' Now, I felt

ashamed, and was silent, and finally gave way to tears.

“‘Am I still a poor slave to passion or blood?’ I exclaimed. ‘I dare not raise my eyes upward; I can not escape from the dominion of this sin!’ ‘Days and weeks,’ my wife answered, ‘pass by without your yielding to wrath. Come with me; let us pray together.’ She then led me into her room, and there, from her naturally warm heart, prayed, in an imploring manner, that I might receive comfort and peace. From this hour I thanked God, from my innermost soul, that he had assisted me in finding such a wife. ‘The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her. She openeth her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindness.’ ‘Every wise woman buildeth her house,’ and ‘a prudent wife is from the Lord.’”



## CHAPTER VI.

### *The Model Preacher's Wife.*



ANNA LAVATER also excelled as a pastor's wife. She had for the poor and needy a warm heart and open hand, and knew how to administer words of consolation to the troubled and afflicted.

Mr. Lavater, too, was extremely beneficent. His love in this respect knew no limit, and his self-sacrifice often went further than his human judgment and care for his own household warranted. Seldom a week, or even a day, passed without the needy came begging him for assistance. His circumstances were such that it was not always in his power to give, and often, when visiting the poor, he would take with him his wealthy acquaint-

ances and benevolent Church members, and in this way the needy were many times relieved of their sufferings. Applications for assistance which he received from foreigners or strangers gave him much anxiety and care, especially when he could not aid them immediately or in as large an amount as he desired. The cases in which he was asked to be security, and often when his confidence in the honesty of the individuals was doubtful, were numerous. His experiences in dealing with honest people had more effect upon him than those with dishonest ones. His principle was, although he had been once deceived, to assist the poor invariably. He would rather sometimes be deceived than turn the needy poor from his door.

His wife was to him in this respect a true helpmeet. We have seen, in the preceding chapter, how she felt in regard to helping the poor widow, and that she said "as long as I possess one article of jewelry, my husband

can not say I have nothing to give." We have already seen, during the pestilence of 1770 and 1771, how she fed the hungry, clothed the naked, and gave drink to the thirsty. She answered the description in every respect which we find given of a virtuous woman in the Book of Proverbs, xxxi, 20: "She stretcheth out her hand to the poor; yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy."

She took great interest in the welfare of souls. As she approached the different classes of people with whom she came in contact, with words of truth and love, they immediately opened their hearts to her, and communicated their feelings without hesitation. Her warm, sympathizing heart was open for all—the happy and unhappy, good and bad, both for time and eternity. The equanimity with which she listened to all complaints and confessions, and the quick and discerning eye which she had in proving

the real state of the soul's welfare, as well as the advice and consolation which she at all times gave, prove that she was worthy, in every respect, of the position she occupied.

She earnestly and strongly warned sinners that they could not reach heaven on "downy beds of ease;" neither that finally would their sins be excused without repentance; and this she strove to impress firmly upon them. Her eye was always so soft and mild, and her words so affectionate, that no one could resist her appeals or become offended. Very many expressed themselves in the following way: "She has shown me my sins." And many said what is much more to her praise: "She has taught me the way to find the Lord again."

When Mr. Lavater had charge of the Orphan-house Church, and was obliged to look after the welfare of the prisoners at the penitentiary, his wife often accompanied him, and visited the female prisoners, always address-

ing them in words of earnestness and love. Here she had many happy and even blissful experiences. There was at one time a young child murderess placed in the penitentiary, there to await her execution. Mr. Lavater told this to his wife, and she immediately hastened to visit her.

The dreadful thought of seeing and speaking with a young mother who was condemned to death for the murder of her child almost paralyzed her; but the unspeakable tenderness of her motherly feelings, and the sympathy which she had for the poor, led her to perform the unpleasant duty. Mrs. Lavater soon caused the subject of her visit to weep bitter tears. She made her feel the awfulness of her sins, and a wish to know the way to repentance, and how God would have mercy upon her. Mrs. Lavater found here an opportunity for sowing the seeds of truth. She told her of the penitent Mary Magdalene, who found the "Friend of sinners" and had her



sins forgiven, and of the great sinner in Simon's house who found peace and pardon with God.

These were sacred hours which she spent with the condemned one at the penitentiary. She had great satisfaction in witnessing the heart-felt penitence of this woman, and the firm belief that the Savior supported her as she ascended the scaffold, and that he enabled her to pass through this terrible ordeal without fear. The memory of this sad day was to Mrs. Lavater, late in life, one of great humiliation and melancholy pleasure.

When Mr. Lavater was called to take charge of the large parish of St. Peter's Church a thousand doors and paths were thrown open for his wife to give words of advice and consolation. The peasants who lived in the neighboring villages connected with the parish found access and assistance in the well-known parsonage as well as those who lived in the city.

This vigilant woman during much of this time was quite an invalid herself. Her health suffered much from previous illnesses, and often, from want of strength, was she prevented from performing deeds of kindness which it would have been her delight to do. There were instances in which she went in the night to visit the sick. The best of all is that her work was a work of love, and she never spoke of what she did. Even her own children and intimate friends knew not of her doings. Her left hand knew not what her right did. She spoke often of her husband's duties, but never of what she had done in trying to turn sinners to Christ. It was not known until after her death what a faithful laborer she had been in the vineyard of her Lord and Savior. We can say of her as Paul did of Persis, that "she labored much in the Lord."



## CHAPTER VII.

### *The Affectionate Mother.*



R. LAVATER was ardently attached, quite as much so as any Christian should be, to his children, and strove in every way to train them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. He laid great stress on teaching children to be friendly and social.

“Intercourse with the socially elevated, and with those of less distinction,” he once said, “is very useful to them, because it teaches them that there are other people in the world, some of distinction, and some of none, who have equal rights with them. I therefore send my son to a large school, that he may learn to be social, to have social tastes, and to adapt

himself to other individuals. I should do this even if he learned very little else at school, yes, if, as I doubt not, he should learn some things which are not very commendable. This latter evil does not seem at all worthy of comparison with the greater one on unsociableness and of misanthropy. Single errors and weaknesses are easily discovered and removed by admonition, but the fearful perversion of the whole character, the love of gloomy solitude, and a disinclination to think and speak well of one's fellow-beings, and to grant them all their rights, are things which will last a life-time.

"It seems to me that those who have written very much on the subject of education have committed some great errors, and have forgotten the following maxims, which I have laid down for myself. We must take the world as it is; we can not change its order and institution; the circumstances and relations in which we find ourselves situated may be good

or bad, but it is our duty to adapt ourselves as best we can to them. We must, therefore, accustom children, and all under our care, to act wisely and do rightly in these very relations, many of them being unchangeable. We must, therefore, not accustom our children to think that they can only be good and virtuous by being alone and at home. We must teach them to think that they can be wise and good in the midst of the bustle and cares of the world. They must learn and practice goodness in the midst of the evils that surround us, because it is impossible to avoid the evil which we see on every hand. We must teach them that they must be prudent and happy, and have a moral firmness and independence under all circumstances. This, I say, is no artificial training, but that which God himself teaches.

“Beautiful things have been written on banishing the rod from the training of children. There is not a greater enemy of the switch

in all the land than I am. I have never once corrected my son with one. My fear has been that I should be too violent in the proceeding, and therefore I have committed this whole matter to my wife, who, I know, would be much milder. My son has a good heart, and yet I would not like to think that he should be deprived of the rod for the first few years of his life. Whoever associates much with children will see that severe discipline is sometimes necessary. I am a full believer in Solomon's words, 'He that spareth his rod hateth his son: but he that loveth him chastiseth him betimes.'

"I feel that it is necessary to enforce strict obedience. For example, I myself allow my scissors and pen-knife to lie on my writing-table. Now, it is impossible to guard them against my children all the time; even if it were possible, I should not do it. But why not? Outward circumstances should not be directed according to my children, but my children must

adapt themselves to the circumstances. They should not learn to take a pen-knife simply because there is none, but not take one, even if they see ten before them. I would gladly let them submit to the natural consequences of their disobedience if I were sure that they would not be injured; but, ye wise friends of children, ye who think that they should never be corrected, what will be their condition if an eye is put out or a hand seriously injured? Punishment is then too late. My course is this: Forbid them to touch the knife, and, if they will still grasp it, and thus threaten to injure themselves, I would see the rod applied. Certainly, a little use of the rod is much milder than a serious injury for life.

“In regard to punishment, I look upon the whole matter in this light: God’s psychology, that which he has observed in his training of the human race, is a guide for me in the training of my children. My son knows that he should not touch a sharp knife. Not long

ago I found my sharp pen-knife full of gashes. I was on the point, after finding out the offender, of inflicting summary punishment, but immediately calmed myself. I went to one of my children quietly, and said, 'Did you injure this knife this way?' 'Yes, papa,' was the answer. 'Now,' said I, 'because you have told the truth, I will not punish you. But see how much you might have injured yourself! Suppose you had cut away the half or the whole of one of your fingers!' Some may have thought that I should have punished my child under these circumstances; but no, because I lay great stress on my son's telling the truth, and the whole truth, because sincerity and the love of truth are the virtue of all virtues, I could not punish him. I do not believe that children would begin to lie if it were not through fear of punishment. Better not punish at all than to present too strong temptation to falsehood. I have no fear that the mitigation or



absolute freedom of punishment in such cases can prove of injury to children. They can be detected often enough in other transgressions where there is ample cause for punishment. But punishment, without a previous admonition, appears to me absolute cruelty. Having admonished, however, and then not to punish at all, or to punish without justice, appears to me to be fraught with extreme danger."

Mr. Lavater, in the training of his children, was often very original. A great many people would not agree with him in some of his methods, yet he generally erred on the safe side. He was very fond of order and cleanliness. On one occasion, in order to teach his children a lesson of order, he had one room of his house disarranged, and thrown into the utmost confusion. The table was covered with papers, and little pools of water stood here and there. The inkstand was placed on the ruler, and threatened to fall over on one of his own white neckties. Near

by was the sand-box, turned bottom upward, and the sand mingled with some bread-crumbs. Not far from these were some tea-cups, and in some of them a few drops of tea remaining. The sugar-bowl and the wash-basin stood as neighbors to each other, and on the same table, in the corner, there lay a beautiful silk dress, and on it was a pair of worn-out, soiled stockings. Now, the whole room was just as full of disorder as this table. All the pictures on the walls hung awry, and the chairs were scattered all over the room. On one of them there was a looking-glass, and on another an old wash-basin. The drawers in the cupboard were half open, and the most unlike things you can imagine were all thrown together. The children's playthings lay scattered around, and among them the most valuable papers. The finest illustrated books in the library lay upon the floor, and near them were shoes, boots, and slippers, one here and another there. The bed, which

stood in one corner of the room, was all tumbled. In short, one could not take a step in the room without stumbling over something. The dust was on every thing, and the whole room would have been a fine study for a painter who wished to exercise his skill on such a scene of confusion. Over the door was a long black inscription, and the crooked letters, which you could hardly read, made this word, "Disorder." The children were led into the room, while Mr. Lavater concealed himself in a distant corner to observe the impression made upon them. He had never seen them so astonished in all their life. They were perfectly horrified, and the impression that was made upon them was the very one at which their father had aimed, to have an utter repugnance to all disorder. In later years, whenever he saw any of their possessions disordered, he only had to remind them of the confused appearance of the room into which they had once been led.

But Mr. Lavater was not satisfied with one side of the picture as presented by the confused room. Feeling that it was not enough to show his children the dark side, he thought it proper to show the bright one, and to change the room from a scene of confusion to one of order. Accordingly he had his children go out again, and as soon as they were gone a number of industrious hands placed the room in beautiful order; every thing was as it had been before, and nobody could find fault with the position or arrangement of a single article. When every thing was ready the old inscription was taken down, and a new one, written on a beautiful white tablet, substituted for it. It was this word, "Order."

In this way Mr. Lavater taught his children more by representation than by long and tedious verbal lectures.

It is not our place here to pass judgment on the propriety or impropriety of just this

kind of teaching. We have only given the illustration as a means of throwing light upon Mr. Lavater's whole system of training children. In this respect, too, his wife was in full sympathy with him. Not many facts have come down to us concerning the specialties of her training, and no wonder, for a mother's love is like a quiet brook, which flows softly and calmly through the green pastures of childhood. It quickens, beautifies, and fertilizes the land, without making much excitement about it. The gentle rippling is barely heard. But its power is immense, and nothing else can take its place.

Mrs. Lavater was, like all other true mothers, devotedly attached to her children. The great controlling principle of her life was an earnest desire that all of them, without exception, might be saved at last. She often said, "If the Lord will save me in heaven, then, to make my happiness complete, he must give me all my children and grandchildren. Not

one of these must be left behind." Of her eight children, the Lord had taken five away in the first years of their childhood. Their death was a severe trial to the poor mother, but, as her great desire was the salvation of her children, she learned, in time, to submit patiently to the Lord's will.

When her husband once expressed to her the fear that none of their children would ever live to become old, she answered, with calm resignation, "Let the Lord do as he will! They have not been given in vain. They are ours and God's, whether they live or die." She prayed daily for all her children, that they might increase in wisdom and years, and that they might grow in the favor of God and man. In no way did she indulge them too much. Her eyes were open to their virtues as well as to their faults. In her calm steadfastness, and yet without passion, she knew how to correct their errors, and to strengthen and encourage them without

undue flattery. Whenever she blamed, it was not to their injury, for her seriousness was evidently full of the tenderest love. Her great object was, by prayer and effort, to lead the hearts of her children to Him—to Him who is the Father of us all, and to whom all the good are children, whether in heaven or on earth. She never prayed that her children might be preserved from suffering and tribulation. Their salvation and final joy lay nearer to her heart than any earthly happiness or temporal benefits.

She committed all this to the wisdom and love of God, leaving for him to choose the manner and the way in which to consummate her great desire for their salvation. She knew that whatever God did would be right; therefore, when in her old age, as she nursed at the bedside of her invalid daughter, she bore the trial with the utmost patience and resignation. She submitted, too, calmly when prevented by her own sickness from visiting her

daughter's room or speaking to her. Yet her gratitude knew no bounds whenever an hour came when she could see her daughter. Such rays of sunlight were often given to this good woman in the midst of the trials which she had to endure. She was a great sufferer during the infancy of her youngest daughter, and was not permitted to take that care of her which she desired. She often looked at her, and, with tears streaming from her eyes, would say, "Who will train you up, for your mother can not long be with you?" It was this daughter who was her greatest support in her severe illness, and in the closing years of her life. But the mother's most fervent prayer of all was fulfilled: these, her three children, became Christians, and walked faithfully before God.





## CHAPTER VIII.

### *The Judicious Housekeeper.*

**M**R. LAVATER was one of those men who never allowed any thing to interfere with his cheerfulness. His piety was united with good spirits, as it should always be. His Christianity partook largely of the principle of the Apostle Paul: "Rejoice in the Lord always, and again I say rejoice." In one of his works he says: "Joy, nothing but joy, is the purpose of the Guide of men; joy, nothing but unceasing joy, is the purpose of all suffering to which we must submit. Jesus and joy-giver are perfectly synonymous terms. He who supposes Jesus to be any thing else than a joy-giver, the Gospel to be any thing else than a message of joy, and suf-

fering to be designed for any thing else than a source of joy, is not acquainted either with God, with Christ, or with the Gospel. God is love, and love can only love. God is the most vital desire. Love and the pure desire to make joyous are the same."

In another place he makes the following confession: "There are many good people who are quite narrow-minded, and who find fault with every free word that they hear. These people oppress my heart and bind my tongue. There is a kind of painful piety, which, however holy and pure it may be in itself, has its repulsive features; but it is so odious to my personal taste, to spiritual enjoyment, to real cheerfulness and Christian freedom, and to clear ideas withal, that I have to summon new patience and Christian love to put up with it all. I mean that piety which never allows itself to get outside of its narrow circle of fixed ideas, forms, and expressions, to say a friendly word, or even to

hear one, without abhorrence, and which tests every body else's Christianity and religion by no other standard, forms, or expressions, or, I should say, praises or condemns other people's religion without a trial."

A man of such principles, as one might well suppose, had a great deal of enjoyment in his own family circle. He was the very soul of the pleasant household. Many people who saw him in his house could not understand how the same man could be such an earnest preacher and the author of so many serious works. He furnished a clear proof, in his life and conduct, that piety and cheerfulness are really good friends, and can always get along well together. The following letter, directed to his eldest grandchild, shows not only his cheerful mind at the time, but the good-humored tenor of his noble life:

"MY DEAR JOHN,—About your name, some people in the world think you should not have been called John, but John Caspar, after me,

your grandfather on your father's side. Now, is n't it a strange thing that the little name *Fohn* should once have been, a great many years ago, a subject for wise people to quarrel over, and, also, later, for some of our friends to wrangle about? Yet the old quarrel stopped just as soon as father Zacharias said 'Thou shalt call his name John.'

"As there was at that time a great deal of contention upon this sinful earth, the angels sang, 'Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, and good-will toward men.' And, to put an end to all contention about your name, I must say to you that I have my reasons why your name should not be John Caspar, like mine, and I want you to preserve these reasons in your archives. First of all, I think that when there is one John Caspar Lavater in the world there is altogether enough. Indeed, many say that even one is too many, and I don't know but they are half in the right. In fact—very privately, now, between

ourselves—I sometimes think that if the Caspar had been left from my name I might have gotten along better with the John alone. The word John, whether John the Baptist or John the Evangelist, or both together, or sometimes one and sometimes the other, might have always awakened in me good thoughts and feelings; but that word *Caspar* reminds one of the Adam, and that must always have something to say; hence there has always been a sort of contention between the John and the Caspar. Sometimes the Caspar has done very foolish things, but then the good John has come in to atone for him.

“Then I have another reason why you should be called John, and not John Caspar; and that is because one of your sponsors was named John, and I wish to honor his beautiful, sweet Old and New Testament name of John without any apocryphal addition of Caspar. When I think of John I am often reminded of what a preacher once said in the

imperial city of Vienna, which was saved from a severe siege by John Sobiesky. The preacher chose as his text, 'There was a man sent from God whose name was John.' Believe me, my dear grandchild, or angel [enkel and engel, the German words for *grandchild* and *angel*], the man from whom you are named John was a man sent from God, and has been a great blessing to our family.

"Then I have another reason, that no body can ever say that you were baptized John Caspar in order to please me. Therefore, what is written must stay written: 'John—his name shall be John.' Now, my dear John, it will not harm you I hope if you get a fall on the floor, and people hit your eyes and nose with their elbows, and you be treated sometimes as if you were a nether mill-stone or made of hard leather. A good many little knocks like these will do you good, and will make you ready for the world. I don't think that I am any the worse for the hard rubs

that I have had in this world, and I hope that my little John will not be. Now, one more thing before I close my letter. Sometimes, whenever you cry and scream, you may be sure that you make a very crooked mouth, and, whenever you do so, I want you to imagine that I am standing right before you and saying these words: ‘Puckered mouth and crooked eyes, what are you about?’ When you get older I want you to look into the New Testament and read the promises there for children. Good-by!”

Mrs. Lavater was a true companion to her husband in striving to maintain and increase the household joys by her cheerful disposition. Even when she was sick and suffering she never murmured or grew desponding, and never found fault with what was done for her. She did not desire that at such times the whole house should put on mourning simply for her sake, but she strove in every way to increase the comfort of others. In this respect

she performed a service of inestimable value for the whole family.

In addition to this is another circumstance of no small importance. Goethe once said of his visit to Zurich the following words: "We are happy *in* and *with* Mr. Lavater. It is for all of us more than medicine to be in the society of a man who lives and works in a household of love." And how many felt just as Goethe did! From year to year Mr. Lavater's hospitable parsonage was open to throngs of guests. Indeed, it was a real pilgrimage to thousands of people of all classes and from all lands. Many came to see that faithful witness of the Gospel, and to get their faith strengthened by his. Many came to thank him personally for the comfort and consolation which they had received from his many writings, and many others came to say that they had seen and spoken with the celebrated man of God. Especially in the Summer months scarcely a day passed without



bringing visitors. Mr. Lavater was hospitable in the extreme, and loved to lodge even those with whom he had not previously been acquainted. He knew that by this friendly intercourse he could learn much, and be performing, at the same time, a service for his Master. This generous hospitality imposed new tasks upon his wife, but she enjoyed them, instead of complaining about them.

Mrs. Lavater was a woman who had the rare excellence of being modest and retiring in the midst of the most distinguished company. Owing to the frequent visitors which she entertained, she was thrown often into the midst of celebrated guests, yet she never treated the more distinguished in a way likely to cause offense to those of less pretense. She entertained all with the same suavity and gentleness, and made all feel equally at home in the parsonage. Strangers who went there only to see Mr. Lavater wondered, when they left, why they had not also previously

heard of her who exercised such a remarkable influence upon her husband, and who impressed all her guests so favorably.

One of the most intellectual friends of Mr. Lavater did not become acquainted with her until after her husband's death, for it was then only for the first time that he came to Zurich. After forming her acquaintance, he wrote to a friend as follows: "Why have I heard so little of the noble Anna Lavater? I find so much that is grand and good in this excellent woman which I can find only among the truly godly!"

It was, however, only the persons who visited Mrs. Lavater, and who had an opportunity of conversing with her at length, who could form a true idea of her character. She was frank, cordial, and full of that charity which "beareth all things, believeth all things, and hopeth all things." It was with great effort that eminent visitors could get her to engage in conversation, and, whenever she

did so, they found that the pastor had a wife in every way worthy of himself. And in after years the visitors to the family always associated her, in attainments and character, with Mr. Lavater. Two German princesses who were frequent visitors to the family esteemed it an honor to call her their friend, and in later life, when she was prostrated upon a bed of sickness, they spent many hours in administering to her comfort.

With all this humility and modesty, Mrs. Lavater was dignified, and knew how to conduct herself in the presence of any company. While she was tasteful in her style of dress, she was also very far removed from a foolish love of ornament, and she instilled into the hearts of her daughters the same feeling.

Cleanliness, order, and peace reigned supreme in that parsonage. There was no ostentation in any part of it, and yet there was comfort throughout. This idea of comfort impressed every one that entered the

house, and Mrs. Lavater always received her guests without embarrassment. When the Grand Duke of Prussia, or Prince of Reuss, or the Prince of Saxe-Wiemar, or Count Stolberg, or Goethe, or any other celebrity came, she smiled as she welcomed him, and was never disconcerted, and never took any pains to make her visitors, however great, believe that her family were in better circumstances than they really were, or to make any false appearance whatever. She always observed simplicity, for it was a part of her character. Besides, she always spoke kindly of others, and impressed the spirit of charity on all her acquaintances. Hence, in that family there was nothing like gossip or tale-bearing. The servants were always treated with proper consideration, and consequently, after many years, those who had left the family for one cause or another were always glad to get an opportunity to return again and express their gratitude to their former mistress.



## CHAPTER IX.

### *The Christian.*

**M**R. LAVATER'S great and inestimable service to his age was, like the thoughtful Hamann, the child-like Claudius, and the social Stilling, his defense of the pure Gospel by tongue and pen, with all his strength, when the prevailing spirit was unbelieving and skeptical. The following words, selected from his writings, show what his thoughts on Christ and Christianity were:

“One may speak,” he says, “as much as he pleases of the incomparable character of Christ, of his purely divine moral law, yet all this is not faith. This no more constitutes a Christian than one’s believing, in the olden

times, that Moses was a very wise law-giver constituted an Israelite, without believing in the God of Israel and his positive revelation. No, such praise of Christ no more constitutes a Christian than a good subject is constituted by regarding his king's laws as wise, and yet refusing to obey a single one of them.

“He is an unbeliever who denies that Jesus is the divine Messiah, that he is the Lord, to whom every knee should bow, in heaven, on earth, and in the depths; who denies that he is the promised King of the world, the Ruler over all things in heaven and on earth; who does not make him the adorable Son of God, the object of his worship, and who does not expect the resurrection and immortality through him, and that the Father will commit to him, the Son of man, the judgment; and who does not honor him as the future judge of the living and the dead, holding him to be the one to whom all the prophets of Israel bore witness, that by his name, by

*himself*, every one believing in him should receive forgiveness of his sins. He who opposes the Scriptures, or looks upon their declarations of the coming of the Messiah as merely local truth, having no real relation to the coming Messiah of the world, is an unbeliever. Yes, he is an unbeliever who does not make the fundamental principle of Christianity the foundation of his Christian philosophy, of his doctrine of life, however many good things he may say of Christianity, and however highly he may speak of Christ's moral doctrines."

In another place Mr. Lavater uses such words as the following: "A Christianity whose central point is not Christ, which deprives Christ of his dominion, and his influence in human affairs and destiny, and of his connection with the departed, the living, and the future races of men; which establishes an impassable abyss between Christ in the grave or in heaven and Christians on earth; which

makes all adoration of his person folly, and all faith in him fanaticism—such a Christianity, however finely spun it be, is anti-Christianity!”

Again he says: “I would rather renounce Christianity to-day than to-morrow, if that on which the Apostles unceasingly insisted, on which they established every thing, from which they derived every thing, is a mere minor matter, a slight necessity of their age, and nothing but an accommodation to the weaknesses of their contemporaries. Yes, it is an accommodation like the incarnation of God, and like the Scriptural doctrine of atonement, but in no other sense. The doctrine of the reconciliation of God with man, through Christ, is not only an essential, but a peculiar doctrine of Scripture. We could not preach the Gospel without it. It would be to deprive the Gospel of its great essential peculiarity, to take away that which distinguishes it as the Gospel, removing from a man's portrait



every feature that distinguished him as an individual."

Mr. Lavater regarded it as the great task of his life to urge his contemporaries, in the pulpit and by his writings, to bow the knee at the name of Jesus Christ, that all might confess him King of kings and Lord of lords! He pursued his task with all the strength at his command, and with all possible fidelity, without ever inclining, through threats or otherwise, to the right or to the left. "It is in vain," says he in his journal, "if the world, and even the clearest intellects, are ashamed of the name of Christ, and speak of exaggeration and fanaticism when Christ is represented as the object worthy of universal adoration. This eye of mine shall not close, and this hand of mine shall not become stiff in death until I shall be able to testify to many that Jesus is the Christ! Yes, my own body shall testify to him, in life or in death!"

The providence which had united Mr. Lavater and his wife had been a good one. Anna Lavater proved to be a devoted Christian under all circumstances. All the virtues which she exhibited as a pastor's wife, as a mother, and as the head of a household were only beams of the light which the Sun of righteousness had kindled in her heart. Her whole strength lay in her praying for divine assistance. While St. Paul gives the following admonition to Christians, "Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are of good report ; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things," her fidelity consisted in her ornamenting her faith, and proving it by the most lovely blossoms of female piety. She was faithful in all things. From her loftiest to her humblest duties she never shrank, but discharged them all with the most perfect conscientiousness, and whenever she began a

work of love in any place she conducted it with unwearied perseverance. Moreover, it was not the smallest trait of her character that she proclaimed to others, less by words than by a calm, modest, and retiring life, the Christian graces.

Her faith, her love, and her patience are beautifully combined in the picture which we would draw of her. Mr. Lavater once called the Bible "nature in writing," and nature "the Bible in writing." Believing Christians love to read, and with reverent joy, in both books of the divine revelation. They recognize in heaven and on earth, in all the works of God, traces of his wisdom and omnipotence. They read in the golden splendor of the sun as in the calm, clear mirror of the brook, in the majestic rocks of the mountains as in the fresh verdure of the fields and forests, written traces of the same faithful and kind hand which has presented them with the Book of Revelation. They rejoice in the

works of God, and in the splendor with which he has enrobed nature. Anna Lavater loved nature wherever she beheld it, either in its beauty or sublimity. She was born and had grown up in a city, and had spent only a few years of her childhood in the country. But, throughout her life, she preserved a great admiration of the beauties of nature. Whenever it was permitted her to spend a few days in the country, she rejoiced as a school-girl in her holiday. Every new Spring-time awakened in her heart new joys, and, with childish glee, she would gather the first green leaves and little Spring flowers.

He who loves the Savior loves also the brethren. The disciple who had once leaned upon his Redeemer's breast says, "We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren. He that loveth not his brethren abideth in death," and "little children, let us love one another." Anna Lavater, like her husband, abounded in love

for her fellow-beings. Because she possessed such a large measure of this love, she could feed the hungry, give drink to the thirsty, clothe the naked, visit the sick and the imprisoned, lodge strangers, and take pity on the poor. It was by this love that she was enabled to do so much for the salvation of her poor, erring fellow-creatures, and it was through this love that she watched her own heart and her own lips. She never indulged in severe, depreciative opinions of others, as we have already intimated, but was always ready, and joyful, too, to excuse, to speak well, and to make as little of the faults of others as possible. It was not only those who were most nearly related to her who could see the most of this beautiful trait of character, but those who stood in more distant relations were also acquainted with it.

Her kindness knew no bounds. She not only performed a service for her brothers and sisters whenever she could, but for others

who were not her kindred, and she always did it with self-sacrificing fidelity. When an older brother of hers, whose household had been cared for by an unmarried sister, had died, she took this sister to her own house, and provided for her faithfully until death. At another time she took an aged brother, who had been left alone by the death of his wife, and cared for him with the most tender sisterly love until he died. Her mouth was always ready to speak words of counsel and consolation, but her lips were always mute in keeping what should be kept, and in preserving the confidence which her friends had reposed in her.

Mrs. Lavater's courage was as great as her charity or her faith. We have already seen how Mr. Lavater, by the unyielding manner in which he preached the Gospel, and by the many bold words that he wrote, attracted to himself the hatred and persecutions of many. During the years that the Revolution lasted

his life was often in danger, and his wife constantly had occasion to be anxious about him. From many sources she received intimations that she should exercise her influence upon her husband to restrain him from taking the bold and independent course that he did. But she, noble woman that she was, loved the truth, and so highly honored the convictions of her husband that she never restrained him from taking any bold step whatever. Her faith in his success, and in the good which he was accomplishing, was so great that she never interfered. Sometimes, when her heart seemed to lose its usual confidence, she was restored by prayer and faith. She experienced frequently the truth of the blessedness of that precious promise, "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength."



## CHAPTER X.

*At the Sick-Bed.*

“**T**HEY that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk and not faint.” Anna Lavater had richly experienced the blessing of this promise through her whole married life. She had great need, too, of the blessing. Her path through life was at no time one of ease and pleasure. It was destined to be one of trials and obstacles, that her faith, being tried, might be found more precious than the gold that perisheth.

On the 25th and 26th of September, 1799, there was a violent battle fought near Zurich,



between the French, on the one side, and the combined Austrian and Russian troops on the other. The French were victorious, and, at twelve o'clock, on the 26th of September, entered the city of Zurich. As the citizens of Zurich had shown themselves friendly to the opposite party, they were, as may be supposed, in great fear, and felt that the French would take revenge. They therefore closed their places of business and dwelling-houses, from fear of being plundered.

The soldiers marched up and down the streets with great presumption; two came up in front of St. Peter's Church, and stood before the parsonage. Mr. Lavater had locked his doors, and was looking out of the window. One of the soldiers called out, "Here is a public-house—wine, wine!" Somebody standing near said, "This is no public-house." But the soldier called the louder, "There is wine here!" and, rushing up to the door, struck it with his bayonet.

At this moment Mr. Lavater called out from the window, "Be quiet, I will see that you have some wine." He immediately came with it, and, tapping the soldiers in a friendly way on the shoulder, said to them, "Drink as much as you wish." In addition to this he gave them some bread and money. They thanked him most heartily, and one said, "Good man, you have a brother's heart! Farewell!" Mr. Lavater then entered his house, and went immediately to his wife's room, where he found her in great fear. Looking up to him, she said, "Do you come, Daniel, out of the lion's den?"

He remained here but a short time, as he wished to go and see his daughter, who lived not a very great distance from his house. He sent a messenger in advance, however, to see if the soldiers would not obstruct the way, standing himself, during the interval, in the door of his house. While here, another soldier came to him, and demanded of him a

shirt. Mr. Lavater answered that he "could not give him one," but took from his pocket some money, and handed it to him. The soldier looked at it, and then replied, "It requires more money than this for a shirt." Mr. Lavater then gave him what money he had remaining in his pocket, but the unprincipled fellow was not satisfied even with this, and still demanded more. Mr. Lavater finally said, "That is not gentlemanly. Go, now, I beg of you, and leave me alone!"

At this the soldier drew his saber from its case, and hurled it toward Mr. Lavater, and said, "Give me money!" The two soldiers who had, a short time previously, received wine from Mr. Lavater, stood but a short distance from them. Mr. Lavater ran and asked them if they would not have the great kindness to protect him. He addressed the one who had shown himself so friendly, and told him of the manner in which he had been treated by the other soldier, after giving him

all the money that he had with him. This soldier, instead of treating him pleasantly, as at first, showed a most malicious spirit, by turning and taking up his bayonet, and holding it at Mr. Lavater's breast, calling out, in the same manner as his wild comrade had done, "Out with your money!"

Mr. Lavater thrust the bayonet aside. An overseer of the poor, a good man by the name of Henry Hegetschwiler, seeing his position, ran to his assistance. At the same moment the soldier shot off his gun, the ball passing through the arm of the one who came to Mr. Lavater's rescue, and then under Mr. Lavater's breast, and down through the lower part of the abdomen. He sank fainting on a bench before the house of one of his neighbors, into which he was immediately carried. The same soldier, not being satisfied with this, loaded his gun again, and pointed it at Mr. Lavater. Fortunately, through some unknown cause, the gun failed to discharge.

We will here relate a singular circumstance, as given by Mr. Lavater, many years previously. It occurred at an evening entertainment, in the year 1782, when Mr. Lavater was deacon of St. Peter's Church. On such occasions it was customary for the host to use his gold and silver service. During the entertainment Mr. Lavater took the goblet which was before him, and read the name which was engraved upon it. The gentleman sitting next to him remarked, in a very surprised manner, "Upon this goblet is the name of a predecessor of yours, Rev. Peter Fussli, pastor of St. Peter's Church in the year 1684, and who was shot by his brother-in-law, Beatus Werdmüller." Mr. Lavater reclined on his chair, and was silent for a long time. Finally he said, "It is strange that this cup should be placed directly before me. I believe that I will die from the effects of a shot." Upon his friend's questioning him further, he continued, "Always, when I sit

in my pulpit-seat and look toward the rear of the church, I imagine I see a man who, I think, would like to shoot me. Should you, gentlemen, survive me, you will see that I have died by means of a shot." Mr. Lavater often related this circumstance to his son-in-law, as well as to other members of his family.

The wounded man lay in his neighbor's house, suffering with violent pain. Near him was his weeping wife, kneeling, with a throbbing heart and a ghastly countenance, while the physician and surgeon were engaged in dressing the wound. He was wounded at four o'clock in the afternoon, and that night remained at the house of his neighbor, but on the following day was removed to his own. The physicians did not consider the wound dangerous, and therefore spoke very hopefully of his condition. On the third day after he was wounded—Sunday, September 29th—he felt so strong that he dictated a letter to a

very dear friend, telling him of the sad occurrence that had taken place, and, at the close, saying, "I ask of all who may read this that the man who wounded me may not be arrested, and it will please me if this event can be kept secret. I would, with all my severe pain, have much more sorrow if I knew that any punishment were done to the culprit, for he certainly knew not what he did."

Mr. Lavater saw, with wonder and praise, in this painful occurrence, the hand of God. He now had an opportunity to practice what he had once so beautifully said, "If there is a universal worship of God, then it must be silence. Yes, to be silent like a child under his father's rod is more precious than presence at the communion-table." Not the slightest trace of impatience was perceptible in his conduct, and often he suffered excruciating pain. Indeed, he bore this affliction and drank the cup of sorrow with child-like resignation. At intervals, when his pain

left him, he would be cheerful and lively. His courage and patience strengthened and cheered his sorrowing wife, as she watched and prayed, with a pallid countenance, at his bedside. His wound healed so rapidly that, after a few days, he could so change his position in bed as to write, which was to him a ray of light in the long night of pain and sorrow.

The derangement of Mr. Lavater's health prevented him from attending to his sacred duties. But he could not be idle. He wrote, at different times, short addresses, which he gave to his associate to read, on the Sabbath, to his congregation. He also attended to his large correspondence with great promptness. During this time he wrote for his friends a large number of souvenirs, called "*Lines for Memory*," or "*Memorial Leaves*," which should be given to them, after his death, as little legacies, and in which he expressed brief thoughts for their instruction, admonition, and



comfort. He inscribed, at the same time, some beautiful poetical lines to the unknown soldier who had wounded him.

Indeed, during his severest pain, he entertained a feeling of love for the man who wounded him. It seems almost impossible for a man to forgive so heartily and earnestly his murderer as Mr. Lavater did. In one of his last days he said, as he lay in physical agony, "O, that I could only have God answer my prayer, that he who has wounded me may never experience such sufferings as I am now enduring!" His numerous friends visited him frequently during his sickness, and he entertained them as cheerfully as when in his usual health, telling them that his sufferings were to him the means of great spiritual enjoyment, and that he thanked the Lord most earnestly for his presence.

He improved so rapidly that, about the middle of December, he was able to leave his bed, and again appear before his beloved

congregation. He preached the first sermon after his recovery from the following words: "I am a warder unto many; but thou art my strong refuge. Let my mouth be filled with thy praise and with thy honor all the day." His whole soul, as he said himself, was full of rejoicing that he was permitted again, by God's grace, to preach to his people. At the conclusion of his discourse he praised the Lord, using the following language: "Every new pain which my wounds produce shall be to me a call to new life, to new spirit, to new patience and humility, and to new fidelity and love, in the footsteps of Him whose unutterable love and indescribable pains on the cross so far excel mine!"

His devoted wife united with him in praising the Lord that he was again permitted to proclaim his Word, and her heart was once more joyful and happy with hope.

But Mr. Lavater gave too little attention to his weak body, and, through neglect, was

attacked with a very severe cold, which lasted until Christmas. He continued preaching, however, until nearly the end of January, 1800. He would not allow any one to conduct even his week-day meetings. Visiting the sick, and all the other duties connected with his pastorate, he performed himself. All entreaties and warnings from his friends were without effect. He had a daughter who, at this time, was very ill, and whom he visited in the most unpleasant weather. He even went so far as to search out the unfortunate ones who had been imprisoned by the French as spies, and earnestly begged for their liberation.

At the close of January, 1800, his infirmities again appeared, never again to leave him. He was obliged to abandon his official duties, and could only keep up communication with his congregation by writing. He suffered much during Passion season, and so much the more, as he said to his friends, because he knew that this would be his last on earth.

His physicians advised a bath-cure, and on the first of May, 1800, accompanied by his wife and daughter, he again visited Baden, where he had been the previous year, and was so suddenly called away. His son-in-law and wife followed them to Baden, and they there had a short but delightful visit together in the beautiful valley on the banks of the Limmat.

But Mr. Lavater derived no benefit from these waters. His violent cough and pain in the breast remained the same. Yet, when he was free from pain for a moment, he was joyful and happy, and often took a short walk. It was with feelings of gratitude and melancholy pleasure that he and his wife enjoyed these few days together. But they were of short duration. Renewed pain and faintness came on, and the faithful wife was obliged again to nurse her beloved husband, with a heart filled with sadness.

With the advice of the physician, Mr. Lav-

ater and family left Baden for Schinznach, and from there they went to the foot of the Hapsburg Castle, to try the effect of the warm baths. At first it appeared that he might here find temporary, perhaps permanent relief. During the first week he felt so well that his hopes revived, but the relief proved only temporary, for he found very soon that warm baths were not suited to his disease. He left this place on the 19th of June, but did not return to Zurich, for he felt that the damp rooms of the city would only increase his difficulty, although he felt that, above all places on earth, his Church was nearest his heart, and, if he were able to attend to his duties, he would not leave it under any consideration. About half an hour distant from Lake Zurich lies the little village of Erlenbach, with its beautiful surroundings. At this place an intimate friend of Mr. Lavater had a delightful country residence, and gave him a hearty welcome. All

that friendship and love could do to restore this good man to health was lavishly done.

He was not yet confined to his bed, but could go out, on bright Summer days, and enjoy the beauties of nature. His wife and daughter nursed him most tenderly, and his friends were faithful in visiting him. He often said, laughingly, "I am better situated than a prince;" and he wrote to a friend: "Here, in this paradisian Erlenbach, I am king without a kingdom, a prisoner in the greatest freedom, a poor man in the bosom of abundance, cheerful in the most painful darkness, supported on the arms of compassion, spared amid such severe discipline! My name shall be, 'Lord, have mercy on me!'"

Mr. Lavater felt that very soon the night would come, in which he could no longer work. He sought, therefore, to improve every moment. In the preface to his last work, which he called his "Swan Song, or Last Thoughts of a Departing One on Jesus of

Nazareth," and which, unfortunately, he did not live to finish, he wrote and spoke as follows: "I am standing nearer the border of the grave than thousands of mortals. Death's cold hand touches my crushed and wounded breast so perceptibly that I can not bear to expect what so many of my friends desire more than I do—recovery. He in whom I believe, and on whom I would like all mortals and all sinners to believe, can do all things; but there is no greater probability than that it is his will that I should soon cease to walk among men. I look upon myself as a mortal man, designed soon to die." What he here wrote he expressed freely to his family, and they could easily see the truth of what he said in his suffering face and in his daily diminishing strength. It can well be imagined how his devoted wife sorrowed over him in these beautiful Summer days in Erlenbach.

In September Mr. Lavater returned to Zurich. He gradually grew weaker, and his

friends were obliged to carry him from his bed to an easy chair, or out of the room into the open air. His body was bent, and his cough became more and more severe. He had now but one desire, and that was that he might once more speak a few words to his beloved congregation, and partake with them of the Holy Sacrament.

The 14th of September, 1800, was a day of fasting and prayer in Zurich, and the commemoration of the Lord's-Supper. Mr. Lavater was carried to his much-loved Church, and there he met a large assembly of devoted and sorrowing people. At the close of the sermon his associate conducted the sick pastor before the congregation, and supported him, while he addressed them from these words: "With desire I have desired to eat this passover with you before I suffer [die]."

In the course of his remarks he said: "My weakness increases from day to day, so that death, as it were, already touches my crushed



breast." He then testified once more to his congregation what he had already preached to them many times with all fidelity, and which would be found in his writings: "As though from the grave, as though from the very gates of eternity, I should like—O, that all may heed these words, which may be my last!—yea, I would implore you to forsake the vanities of this life, and seek that glory which only God can give. I would speak to you as though my right hand were already in the hand of my Savior. And with this feeling let me say to you, if I should die at this moment, if I should leave the world now, I can testify that no soul is more hopeful than that one which is humble before the Lord, than that one which looks to him as the one who can sustain. He must be the great mark for the prize of our high calling. He is the one all indispensable to every mortal, to every sinner, to you, to me—to all, if we would be the beings which he has intended us to be—

the blessed inhabitants of earth, and worthy citizens of heaven! All efforts to be good and blessed independently of him are foolish and vain, and can only lead us astray, can only end in weariness and despair of soul. The sum of all that has been said and can be said is this: 'Thou must be our God and our joy, and we men must strive every day to become more like thee, thou blessed Savior, thou most faithful friend of humanity! Before thee, through thee, with thee, and in thee we must live! Thou must be our mark, our confidence in sickness, our refuge in need, our hope in death, our joy in heaven! Thou must absorb our whole souls, thou who didst give thyself for us, and who hast become the Lord of glory! Bless this festival, and let us be one with thee, as the bread which thou callest thy body and the wine which thou callest thy blood shall be incorporated with our bodies! Amen!'"

One who was present on this occasion

wrote, afterward: "His face was filled with earnestness and love, by which, though death could be read in every one of his features, he seemed to be reflecting the very glory of heaven. Seldom has a pastor's blessing called forth more tears than did his as he invoked God's blessing upon that congregation."

No words can describe the sorrowful heart of his beloved wife, listening to these solemn sentences, at that momentous time.

It was now evident that the sick man was growing weaker every day. Often his pain, for several minutes, would be so excruciating that he could not refrain from moaning aloud. Many times when he would have been refreshed by sleep his cough was of such a violent nature that it would very soon awaken him. It was very painful to be in the room with him, and thus witness his sufferings, without being able to give him relief. He could not endure the thought of being unemployed, and seized every moment when he

was able to read from God's Word, or dictate some writing to his amanuensis. He would occasionally say something very witty. To those who were constantly rendering him assistance he would express his heart-felt gratitude, and he often thanked God for the severe dispensation laid upon him.

His birthday was on the 15th of November, and he was able once more to see his relatives and nearest friends. He sat in an easy chair in their midst, but could only speak to them by a friendly expression of countenance. With difficulty, however, he said the following words, in a soft and whispering tone, to those who were present:

"It is a wonder that I am still here. God is so long-suffering. I have often been ready to sink, but he has supported me. I never pray to live, but to die. So you, too, must do for me. Pray that he will only give me breath and strength to pray. When I die, do not mourn too much. God knows how to repair

my loss. Speak not much about me, only among yourselves. Ah, and love each other more than ever before, for my sake!"

On the 22d of December he heard that his brother's wife, who lived in another part of the city, lay dying. He knew how much she loved him, and made a request of his friends that he might go and visit her. His request was granted, but after arriving there he fainted repeatedly. Finally recovering, he wished to be taken to the bed of the dying one. While sitting by her side he used the following language: "Here we both are near each other dying, but love dies not, neither the gratitude which I owe to you, my dear and faithful sister. God will soon reward all the love which your sisterly heart has manifested to me."

After these words he sank into a deep slumber. When he aroused from it he exclaimed, "O, what a great joy there must be in heaven when they see one nearing the shore! O, yes, he will never be lost! Saved

from the shipwreck of earthly life, he is soon ashore! He calls aloud, 'Land, land!'"

A new attack of his pain prevented him from speaking further, and he again fell into a sleep. As he awoke once more he left the dying one with these parting words: "May Jesus Christ, the unsearchable Friend, be with thee and thy spirit, to deliver it!"

He returned to his home far better than was expected, and it was to him a source of great pleasure that he had been permitted to perform this work of love.

From this time he not only grew weaker in body, but in mind. As he heard the Christmas bells ringing he had the windows opened, that he might hear more distinctly, and, beckoning to his wife and daughter to come to him, he took them by the hand and said, "Do you know what it is that gives me the most sorrow? It is that I am so afflicted that I can no longer think over the greatest wonder of grace, the incarnation of Christ."

And yet the thought never left him, asleep or awake.

As he, on the same evening, awoke from an apparently long sleep, he was so convinced that he had heard or written a Christmas song that he was astonished not to find it upon the bed. He would scarcely believe that it had taken place only in a dream, and he dictated a number of lines which he still retained in his memory.

His countenance now presented a death-like appearance. On the last evening of the old year, while he was lying quietly in his bed, but extremely weak, and his friends were obliged to stand very near to understand him, he dictated a few words to his associate, which he wished to have read to his congregation on New-Year's day. On the same day he read himself a Church prayer, and a hymn of his own composition, entitled, "A Suffering Man's Hymn." Very soon he again suffered from violent pain, and said to his loved

ones, "This can not last, in God's name, a great while longer. O, I am sure you agree with me that I shall soon be lying here cold in death! How can you regret that I shall soon be delivered and at rest?" Soon afterward he said, "If I can not any longer impart my benediction upon you individually, O believe in my benediction; it will certainly rest upon you all! Believe in my prayers for you! God will certainly bless you!"

As night approached, and he was adjusted in his bed, he bade his wife and daughter, which was contrary to his custom, to remain with him a little longer. Then he said to them, "You are willing to remain with me, are you not? I thank you so heartily for your faithfulness. May God be with you, in sickness and in health!" About an hour afterward he embraced and kissed them, and said he would like to be quiet. He then slept, and did not awake until the following morning at eleven o'clock. His face then grew



pale, his features distorted, and his eyes glazed. Soon began the death-struggle. He asked for air; his friends opened the window. He ceased to cough, and all could see that he was rapidly failing. He leaned upon his beloved Anna, and said, in a weak voice, "God save you! God save you!" He then wished to be placed in his easy chair, when he slept for a few moments. He awoke with great pain and fearfulness. At his side stood his youngest daughter, Louise, who had assisted so faithfully in nursing him. He took her by the hand and said, "God save you, my child, God save you!" Two very intimate friends came in. He recognized them, called them by name, and then raised his eyes and hand toward heaven, as if in prayer. The window was opened, and from the street could be heard some one singing the New-Year's hymn, "The year is begun, but who will see its close?"

He understood it, and then looked earnestly

at his son and son-in-law, and, raising his eyes to heaven, said, "Pray, pray!" These were his last words. His mouth, from that time, remained closed. His countenance was pale, and his eyes fixed.

Thus, on the 2d of January, 1801, at three o'clock in the afternoon, John Caspar Lavater, the faithful witness and champion of our Lord Jesus Christ, closed his career, and conquered his last enemy. He passed from faith to sight, from work to rest, and from sorrow to endless happiness. The evidences of anguish gradually disappeared, and a holy rest, and blissful, divine peace spread over his face, now lovely in death.

On Monday, the 5th of January, the remains of the sleeper were conveyed to their last resting-place. The citizens of the city of Zurich never witnessed so large a funeral. Thousands followed him to his grave. The streets were thronged, and on every countenance sadness and sympathy could be seen.

His writings were very numerous, embracing sermons, poetry, and a large variety of other works. In St. Peter's Church, in the choir, the citizens erected a beautiful but plain tablet, upon which was the following inscription:

"IN MEMORY OF

JOHN CASPAR LAVATER,

BORN NOVEMBER 15, 1741; DIED JANUARY 2, 1801.

*Elected a Deacon April 7, 1778, and appointed Pastor of St. Peter's Church December 17, 1786.*

What he, the faithful witness of his Master, spoke in this temple,  
and what he wrote, and did, and suffered, were all one—  
the advancement of the Kingdom of Truth  
and Love."





## CHAPTER XI.

### Widowhood.

**T**HE marriage bond which had united these faithful servants of the Lord for nearly thirty-five years was now broken. They had worked earnestly for the Lord; their home had been happy, their married life delightful. They had passed together through both joy and sorrow. What they had anticipated from each other had been more than realized.

Anna Lavater had never expected to live longer than her husband. She had never thought of seeing him suffer through a long sickness, and then follow him to his grave; therefore his death thwarted all her earthly joys and hopes.

It was a great trial for her to give up the parsonage of St. Peter's Church, where she had spent so many delightful years with her husband. This grief would have been somewhat alleviated could she have returned to her parents, and with them spent the remainder of her days. But that could not be, for her parents, too, had gone to the spirit-land, and she now longed for her Heavenly Father's house. She wished to depart and be with Christ and those beloved ones who had gone before her. She hoped soon to follow her husband. But the Lord saw fit for her to wander still longer in this vale of tears. The following words of the Apostle were, as ever, a lamp to her feet and a light to her path: "Now she that is a widow indeed, and desolate, trusteth in God, and continueth in supplications and prayers night and day." She spent the first ten years of her lonely widowed life with her daughter Louise, in retirement, and we know very little of what she

did in that time. The veil of calm concealment covers the tears, the cares, the sighs, and the prayers of the sorrowing widow.

Her only earthly attachment and happiness were now centered in her children and grandchildren. Sickness and affliction, however, again awaited her in the evening of life. Whenever she was ill it was her earnest hope that her Heavenly Father would call her to her heavenly home, but she submitted with patience to his will. It was a great affliction to this affectionate mother when either one of her three children was ill, as was often the case, especially with her eldest daughter.

During Easter, in the year 1811, Mrs. Lavater was attacked with a violent fever, and for several days was in a very critical state, being unable to speak above a whisper. This illness terminated in dropsy of the chest, of which disease she had the most apprehension, as she had suffered from it previously. She felt now, if it was God's will, that she

would like to depart. Her illness continued until near the close of the year, and conducted the sufferer to the gates of death, but not within.

All this time she exhibited that charity which seeks not her own, but another's. Her eldest daughter was at the same time a sufferer, and was obliged to seek relief at a watering-place. It was a great trial for the invalid mother to be separated from her daughter at this time, for her health was such that she felt that they might never meet again on earth. When they took leave of each other the mother said: "My child, you must perform the holy duty of doing as much as possible for the preservation of your health, for the sake of your husband and your children. God will take care of the rest. May he bless and strengthen you!" Thus the mother and daughter separated.

Her only son, Henry, an experienced physician, had not given up all hope that his

mother, with God's help, might be spared awhile longer, although he did not speak of it to her, as he knew her desire was otherwise. Her son-in-law at one time said to her that she might possibly survive this illness. The idea was so unwelcome to her that it really provoked a smile. Quite contrary to her expectations, at the end of the year she became convalescent, and remained so until the following March, when she had another severe sickness, accompanied with great pain. Her countenance was so pale and her visage so thin that she said, "I can scarcely look at myself, I have become so emaciated. Yet the time must soon arrive when this poor tabernacle shall have dissolved. And who knows but that the look which one visitor after another may cast upon me will lead them to seek a glorious and incorruptible reward?"

She bore all her afflictions with Christian patience and implicit faith. She looked upon



death with great composure, and strove to keep herself in perfect readiness. She knew from whence she could derive strength. At one time, when suffering great pain, she said to her daughter Louise, "Help me to pray that I may not sink beneath this load, but that I may do every thing in submission to His will! I would resign myself only to Him, not simply because I must, but with great joy. The sickness which I have always feared the most is the one to which I am now most inclined. O, that the Lord would give me more cheerfulness, that I may not be discouraged in the greatest suffering, but suffer and die to his praise and glory!"

The visits which she had from her friends at this time gave her the greatest pleasure. If she was not able to speak much herself, she listened with great delight to the comforting words of her visitors. She seldom alluded to her sufferings, and never liked to complain. At one time, in reply to a friend

who had spoken of her afflictions, and whom she was obliged to answer, she said, "I take back every sigh as soon as I have given expression to it, for immediately I think how happy I am above thousands of others, and how much I have been blessed by the care and sympathy of friends. Sometimes, in the midst of my sufferings, I feel compelled to exclaim, 'Lord, have mercy on me!' but, then, immediately afterward I feel urged to say, further, 'But not on me alone, but on all those who need, as I do, thy compassion!'"

On her daughter Louise's birthday Mrs. Lavater selected the following passages from the Bible: "The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: he shall preserve thy soul. The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in, from this time forth, and even forevermore." And then, taking her child by the hand, she told her that these were the expressions of her heart, and that, when she could see her and speak with her no more,

she must remember these as her parting words.

Though Mrs. Lavater had suffered from a complication of diseases, and had passed through many severe attacks of sickness, her mind always retained the same composure. Yet she reproached herself that she had not been more patient. She said, "When I take a retrospective view of my ill-health, I feel ashamed that I have not made more advancement in the divine life. Certainly, I have had many precious seasons with my Savior in prayer, and have felt his presence in my heart; but my bodily sufferings have in part detracted from this blessed enjoyment. I trust that I may be still better prepared when I am called finally to meet him. I will willingly be satisfied with the humblest place that he has assigned me in his kingdom."

She asked her son-in-law if it were not sinful for her to look upon death with so

much composure. She said that it appeared to her so, as she could seldom pray or reflect any more as she had formerly done. He answered, "Best of mothers, that you look upon death with composure as a strong proof that the act is not sinful. It is your suffering body that prevents you from continual prayer and praise. Your heart is open before God. He understands all. Whether or not your thoughts and feelings are collected is for him to judge, not us."

The following words testify to her humility: "The Lord has thus dealt sorrow to me that I might appear before you in my real poverty, and fully destitute of all merit. I feel that nothing is left me but to exclaim, 'Lord, have mercy on me!' Every thing good that may have been accomplished through my instrumentality seems to have disappeared from my vision. It is only the multitude of my errors, my neglects, and my wanderings that now stand before me. O, how rejoiced I am that

I have a merciful Savior to whom I can unite in heart and soul, and be at rest!"

In the latter part of the year 1812 her health improved very much. She was not entirely well, for, as we already know, her health through life had been feeble, but she was apparently free from pain. Her seventieth birthday, July 15th, was to her a day of unusual joy and gratitude, as all her children and grandchildren were permitted to gather around her and offer their congratulations.

It was, however, very painful for her to be bound down to earth, as she had so longed for heaven, and what added to her regret was that since her last illness she had been deprived of the privilege of attending church, and uniting with the congregation in praising God. But she endured this, as all her other trials, with cheerful Christian patience. She was satisfied with what the Lord had in reserve for her. With this satisfaction she lived two years longer to be a comfort to


her children, grandchildren, and numerous friends. "According to my earnest expectation and my hope, that in nothing I shall be ashamed, but that with all boldness, as always, so now also Christ shall be magnified in my body, whether it be by life or by death."





## CHAPTER XII.

### *Through Darkness to Light.*

N this manner two years passed quietly and peacefully, and the Christian sufferer was supported far beyond her fears. Her children hoped to enjoy much longer her presence and counsel. But the Lord had directed otherwise.

On the 19th of September, 1814, Mrs. Lavater was attacked again with severe sickness, and any one who was not acquainted with her constitution would suppose that her end was very near. But after a long illness, which lasted until March, she was again able to leave her bed for a part of the time every day. In this month every year her difficulty increased. Her head became very much

inclined to one side, so that it prevented her from lying easily on her pillow. She was quiet and cheerful, however, even in this state, and when her friends came near her her countenance expressed an inward joy, showing that her Heavenly Father was her support. She often said, "I have not been so calm and happy for a long time. My bodily strength is failing, I know right well, but that does not alarm me."

She now looked upon the coming Passion season with great cheerfulness and composure, and hoped to enjoy it with her friends. But on the evening of Palm Sunday, March 19, 1815, her disease again made its appearance, accompanied with so much pain that her strength was nearly exhausted. She continued in this state for several days, feeling greatly disappointed at not being able to enjoy this spiritual season, which she had anticipated with so much delight. "Ah," said she, "what are human plans? How much pleasure



I had anticipated during this season, and now I can scarcely groan, much less collect my thoughts!" Notwithstanding severe pain and disappointments, she maintained her usual patience, and her heart felt refreshed.

Every day it seemed more and more probable that her life was near its close, for her countenance became pallid and her pulse irregular. She continued in this condition for several days, at times suffering exceedingly, and then again having very little pain, so that she was enabled to enjoy Christian conversation and prayer with those around her.

On the 28th of March, thinking that she might be called at any moment, she took an affectionate farewell of her friends. At her request her grandchildren were sent for. She embraced them, and spoke, in a loud, clear voice: "So may our Lord Jesus embrace you in his holy arms as I do now in my dying arms! May he sanctify, bless, and preserve

every one of you, and prepare you all for his kingdom! May he hear the petition of your parents in your behalf, yes, even my petition, that I, in my weakness, have presented at the throne of grace for you! O, how delighted I will be when I find you all again in heaven! Let no one be deficient in doing good! Let every joy and every sorrow draw you nearer to the Lord! You are living in times when many temptations surround you, but pray for strength to remain faithful! Be a blessing to your parents! Feel it to be not only a duty, but one of your highest joys, to do every thing you can to alleviate the cares of your suffering mother! It will sweeten the sorrows of her life."

After thanking all of the children for their kindness, and giving them a parting kiss, she sank back upon her pillow, weary and overcome. On the following day she was much of the time delirious, and during these seasons of delirium she had such ecstasies that

she felt that she must embrace every one, and press them to her heart. Her son-in-law came in at one time to bring a message of love from his wife to her. Laughing heartily, she said, "I have had such a happy day! Have I not seen her? Was she not with me? What delight this has been!"

On the last day of March she had a slight stroke of paralysis. She was very restless, and exhibited great nervousness, and, to judge from her actions, one would infer that she was not conscious of any thing. Yet every word that she lisped showed that her whole soul was in prayer. A cold perspiration appeared, and her forehead and hands had the chilly feeling of death. She appeared not to hear any words that were spoken to her, so that her physician and children supposed that this was her last hour.

But "the nearer heaven the steeper the mountain." Our Lord had not yet said, "It is enough," and Anna Lavater must yet pass

through a dark valley before she could see the light. She lived for several months longer, and during this time both she and her faithful nurse and daughter, Louise, suffered indescribably. Mrs. Lavater herself, when conscious for a few moments, described her condition at this time as surpassing all of her previous afflictions. She had a feverish dream in which she thought an unprincipled woman came and thrust her daughter away, and took her place. Mrs. Lavater believed that this strange person was constantly with her, while it was really her own beloved daughter. It is true that she recognized the features, voice, and clothing of her child, but would not be convinced that it was she. She thought it was all deception, and that this shameful deceiver was there out of malice.

In addition to this, in her seasons of delirium she imagined this strange person speaking to her, and accusing her beloved friends, and even herself, of some crime of which she

knew they and she were incapable and innocent. And, what made the affair seem more painful, it was so impressed upon her imagination that sometimes she believed it to be so.

When she would recover her reason for a few minutes, and recognize her daughter, her joy would be unspeakable. But she would immediately become saddened by the thought that she would soon have a relapse of this delirium. When sensible she would embrace her daughter in the most affectionate manner, and weep pitifully. She said, at one time, with tears streaming down her face, "What would my sainted mother say if she were to see me in this state?" Her daughter answered, "She could well say, 'The way that you must go is fearfully steep, but, believe me, it leads to a heavenly termination.'" The mother, wiping away her tears, said, both with cheerfulness and doubt, "Do you believe that she could say this to me? Our tears can well be mingled together," she continued;

"how many times have we wept together!" But such delightful moments as these were rare during this delirium of twelve weeks.

This was truly a source of great affliction, as she firmly believed every thing that this supposed stranger told her, and she complained, in a most heart-rending manner, to her son-in-law, and asked his advice in the matter. He replied: "Dear mother, in the first place, I can tell you sacredly that neither Louise, myself, nor any other person has seen this individual that causes you so much trouble. I do not doubt in the least that you believe that you see this person, and hear and believe her terrible slander, for your countenance appears as if you saw and were listening to some one in the room. But, dear mother, you can see for yourself that what you imagine to be told to you is only torture to your heart. Look upon such an affair as a temptation. If you were tempted to commit a sin you would resent it with bold contempt.

Just pursue the same course in reference to this that you would if you were tempted to disregard your own composure, and the respect and love toward those you cherish."

The poor sick woman listened to her son-in-law, and appeared to think what he said was reasonable. She said to her daughter, "Yes, it is so, he has convinced me." These seasons of delirium returned, but vanished more rapidly than they had previously done. It had been her custom through life to pray for an enemy, if she knew she had one, and now she prayed for this supposed injurious woman, that the Lord might forgive her, and lead and direct her in the right way. For a few moments her own heart was relieved of a dark cloud, and she felt that quiet peace which only the prayer of faith gives. As she at one time had been reading a hymn of her husband's, "Longing for Christ," she raised herself in her bed, folded her hands, and said, in reply to her daughter's question as to what

she wanted, "I am seeking for mercy for my children and myself!"

The 8th of July was her birthday, but she was still in this state of delirium, so that she could not enjoy it. She made the following remarks, however, to her daughter: "With what thankfulness must I look back upon the past seventy-three years of my life! I have been safely brought through severe trials, and I can well say the Lord has carried me as upon eagles' wings." Then she raised her voice in prayer: "O, Lord, hear in mercy what thy child—dare I say *thy child*?—on her last birthday, perhaps the last day of her life, may say to thee! 'As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God.'" After these words she fell asleep. On awakening she said to her daughter, "Do you see, Louise, that whenever the Lord should find me in prayer he only finds me asleep?"

Through a part of the month of July she



was quite rational for hours, and even some times a whole day. At such times she was again interested in what surrounded her, although her head remained very weak, and she felt many times very melancholy. But her mind had become composed, and that was the most pleasing of all, for she could again read a little. She complained, however, of not being able to comprehend fully and clearly every sentence. Folding her hands and raising her eyes toward heaven, she said, "Now, Lord, when I can no longer pray understandingly, then will I pray with a stammering tongue. This thou canst also understand!" It had been Mrs. Lavater's custom, during her whole life, to pray aloud, even when alone in her room. Now she prayed aloud with her beloved daughter.

On the 7th of August, the day of the year upon which the alliance of the Helvetic Confederation was held, she wished to be placed by the window, that she might have a view

of the large festal assembly. After the people had left the church, as she heard the sound of bells and the booming of the cannon, she prayed with great fervency that she might be permitted to exchange her earthly for her eternal home. She also prayed that her fellow-citizens might not remain unworthy the protection that they enjoyed, and that peace and harmony might every-where prevail.

Mrs. Lavater felt that her daughter Louise was making a great sacrifice of her health and strength by her untiring attentions to her, and then the illness of her older daughter, too, gave this mother's heart cause for increased apprehension. But she continually gave expression to feelings of gratitude and thankfulness. The last time that the mother and daughter had spoken with each other in regard to the future, the former closed her remarks with the following words: "There are many things concerning which I can not say to you, 'Do this,' or 'Do that,' for I would

not like to raise even one finger that I knew would not be pleasing to my Heavenly Father." Then she raised her hands and prayed aloud: "O Lord, I commit this child to thee! I would ask thee to reward her for all her faithfulness to me. Thou knowest how weak and faint I am, but thou art strong enough for all. Thou canst reward her for every sacrifice that she has made. O, save her eternally, that we may meet again!"

Mrs. Lavater had again sufficient strength to be carried to her easy chair. Her condition changed frequently, so that one day she was comfortable and another suffered severe pain. On the night of the 18th of September she was much refreshed by sleep, and she said to her friends, "What a quiet, refreshing night I have enjoyed!" The memory of those frightful three months of which we have spoken, with their heart-rending fancies, was to her the most painful experience of her life. A friend visited her, at this time, whom she

had not seen for a year. "O, my dear friend," she said to her visitor, "through what have I passed since I saw you last! But God has helped me! I can truly say that the Lord has thought me worthy to go with him over Cedron to Gethsemane!"

Another friend whom she wished very much to see came also to see her on the same day. This was Pastor Steinkopf, who lived in London, but was traveling through Switzerland, with his wife. They spent a delightful and profitable hour with this patient sufferer. All who visited her sick-room upon this day felt benefited, for it had become by prayer a holy place. After passing through so much suffering, Anna Lavater realized the promise, "At evening-time it shall be light."

The patient sufferer was now at last ripe for her heavenly house. Her faith had been tried by passing through the fire of affliction. It was more precious than gold tried in the fire. The Lord now said, "It is enough!

Now you shall pass from night into eternal day.' On the night of the 22d of September she had a violent fever, and never spoke again. She lay two days in a state of unconsciousness, and finally, on the 24th of September, at eight o'clock in the evening, her spirit left its earthly tenement, and fled to its heavenly home. She was now with her beloved husband, where no separation ever comes, to dwell with him eternally. She was with her parents and her five children who had preceded her, and with others whom she had known and loved on earth.

Thus Anna Lavater lived, loved, suffered, and died. Her son-in-law concludes the communication which he has given concerning the life of the glorified one with the following words: "I have often tried to understand what it was that made our departed friend so beloved and respected by every one who knew her. In response to my inquiries there came scores of answers, all of which are comprised

in this one: 'She was so beloved by every one because she forgot herself in her love for God and man. Hence her fidelity to her mission, her silent patience in sorrow, her purity, beneficence, and wonderful charity.'"

These virtues, which are the characteristics of true greatness, were to her the means of many enjoyments. As her wants were few, she was always ready to enjoy every blessing that was bestowed upon her. She always found something, never going empty away. Because she could not rule she found great pleasure in obedience, and in every case when she had opposition to encounter it caused her but little trouble.

Any one who had been acquainted with Anna Lavater knew that she sought not her own, but that of another. This spirit of Christianity was the soul and fountain of all else. In it and by it she acquired that insignium of merit which will shine in her breast forever.

She was no fascinating and brilliant light, but a warm, clear, and shining light in the Lord. Her adorning was not "that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and wearing of gold, or putting on of apparel, but the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price." She was as "the rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valley." The Friend who lives among the roses rejoices in their beauty—in the beauty with which he himself has clad them, having planted them in his beautiful garden. And all who love him rejoice at the flowers which he has planted and adorned, and glory alone in his wonderful glory. So may this sketch of Swiss pastoral life prove a delight and a rich blessing to devout hearts, and *even lead many to become devout.*

















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